Why Economists are Always Wrong *J. K. Galbraith*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Laundering The Spies

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PRESIDENT: . . . the main . . . Post is going to . . . damnable, damnable . . . claims out of this one. They . . . a television station . . . they're going to have . . . get it renewed.

HALDEMAN: They've got a . . . station, too.

THE PRESIDENT: Does that . . . come up, too? . . . it's going to . . . goddam active here . . . .

—from a White House conversation.
September 15, 1972

William E. Porter

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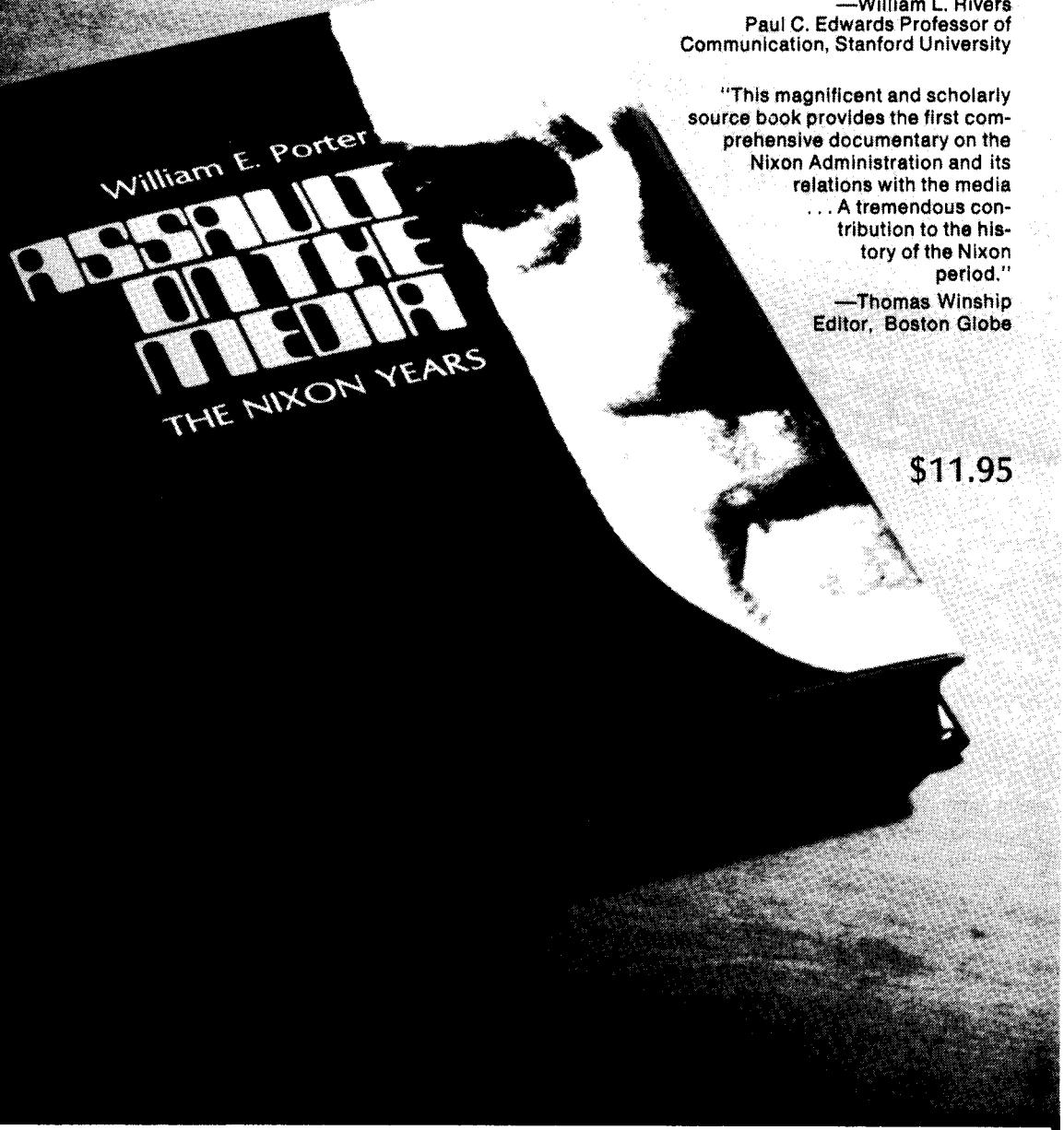

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TRB

from Washington ®
March 6, 1976

Manhunt

The greatest manhunt in political history now begins as an aftermath of the New Hampshire primary; the press has set itself to finding the "real" Jimmy Carter. He won the Democratic race so the Carter story is not a cute feature piece anymore. "Can a Georgia Peanut Farmer Find Happiness in the Snows of New Hampshire?" was funny for a while, but now the plot has moved from fiction to nonfiction, and the Carter puzzle must be solved.

The minuscule state has only three-tenths of one percent of the country's population, and the Carter share of 30 percent of the Democrats sounds impressive until you find that it was only around 22,895 votes, or about the number of a Chicago slum block. On the Republican side you can read the result either way: President Ford and Ronald Reagan came out neck and neck with a slight edge to the former and that's a Ford "victory," perhaps, until you reflect that this is an incumbent President (albeit not elected) challenged right from within his own party and that he won only by a squeak. Here's where the media participates in elections; they are the umpires, they decide who won, who lost; four years ago Muskie got 48 percent to McGovern's 37 here but it was interpreted as a McGovern "victory" because it was a surprise.

Technically Ford won, with another victory for him probably due this Tuesday in Massachusetts. There are 29 more primaries to come. Ford is politely trying to prove Reagan an extremist, and Reagan is politely trying to prove Ford an appeaser. Actually the two see things much alike at home but Reagan is a hawk abroad; he is attacking the Ford policy on détente and he advocates a new, eyeball-to-eyeball approach to Moscow. This is always good for applause from a crowd but it is disheartening; nobody wants to appease Moscow; but there is a chance, maybe slender, that the burden of armaments can be lightened, and Actor Reagan doesn't help matters a bit by assuming that it is a movie role of a tough hombre.

Up in the snows of New Hampshire Reagan showed practiced charm while Ford glazed their eyes. Reagan's retort to Ford's charge that "nobody to the right of me can get elected" was exquisitely timed and delivered. He assumed an air of innocent surprise and said there must be a mistake, the President couldn't mean *him*; why, Ford had twice asked him to join his cabinet! Reporters jumped at the revelation, which the White House confirmed. Everybody admired the deft performance as they admired the attractive Mrs. Reagan, sitting on the platform, wearing the fixed smile of the candidate's wife (the Pat Nixon look).

As to the Democrats, Jimmy Carter is the novelty of the election. So far he has been half-concealed by a tolerant fog of ambiguity but now he must come into the open. New Hampshire changed his status. The nation is going to take a long hard look at him.

I have never seen a candidate like him. What can you say to a man whose tag line at the close of a session is, "I'll never tell a lie. I'll never betray your trust. I'll never make a misleading statement or avoid a controversial issue." Vote against me if I do, he says. It seems corny in print, but he says it with quiet certitude. He taught an adult Bible class while he was governor.

The other day Jimmy Carter called at a newspaper office and answered questions. They were on domestic problems but at the end somebody asked him to outline foreign views. He replied quietly, "I'll deal with that in my Inaugural."

There is an arresting arrogance in the answer that is probably calculated and causes talk and interest, and sets off little snowballs of debate rolling down New Hampshire slopes, and helps him win the highest vote in the primary (with Democratic liberals split five ways). And let there be no mistake, Jimmy Carter, with the instant toothy smile, is smart and personally attractive. He is also a mystery, a loner.

"Jimmy Carter's Pathetic Lies" is the sledgehammer title of an attack by Steven Brill in the current *Harper's*. In similar vein Reg Murphy, editor of the *San Francisco Examiner* and old opponent of Carter's in Georgia, writes in *The New Republic* that he is two-faced. Columnists Evans & Novak draw a bead on "the little Georgia peanut farmer with the warm smile and the icy eyes."

Does that end it? Not when segregationist Lester Maddox travels all the way to New Hampshire to expose him as a concealed "radical liberal." *Time* magazine gave Carter a cover picture in 1970 as representative of the "New South." Novelist Patrick Anderson recently wrote a sympathetic profile in the *NY Times Magazine*. Are they all fooled; who's right?

Political writer Jack Germond says the liberal assault on Carter is "perhaps unmatched in harshness and intensity in any presidential campaign of the postwar period." It seems to start from the central mystery that after winning the governorship on the ticket with Maddox, Carter declared in his inaugural address that no citizen of Georgia should "ever again be deprived of the opportunity of a job, an education, or simple justice because he is poor, rural, black or not influential" and shortly thereafter hung a portrait of Martin Luther King, Jr., in the state capital. He's hard to classify.

Who is the real Jimmy Carter? I think the press is going to search him out and find that he has been "wrong" on some issues and "right" on others, and that his antithetical positions make him a moderate conservative, with surprising jumps into liberalism (like favoring gun registration). He can throw a mean phrase: "Being called a liar by Lester Maddox," he said calmly, "is like being called ugly by a frog."

Spring is near in New England and the maple and political sap are flowing. I didn't realize how many pails they hang on one trunk; it's cruelty to trees! One big maple had five, one for each of the major Democratic candidates, maybe. The ferocity of the attack on Washington is startling. Who gave us Vietnam, Agnew, Watergate, Nixon, assassination of foreign leaders by the CIA, bribery of foreign leaders by Lockheed? Who gives us split government and vetoes, who can't seem to decide about energy, taxes or the economy? Why, Washington! The country wants a change. It is groping for a mandate, I think. It is yearning for a fresh face.

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Legitimating The CIA

To say, as some commentators have, that the Ford intelligence plan is only a small step forward is to miss the point. In fact the President is part of the problem. As the public and much of the Congress saw the issue, it was that American intelligence agencies had violated their charters, the laws of the land and the Constitution, and had succeeded in keeping their actions secret for many years. From the point of view of the intelligence agencies recent controversies were interfering with their ability to gather and use information. They felt the need to clarify their right to act and to be sure that future leaks would not occur to undermine their morale and restrict their actions. The Ford intelligence program, embodied in an executive order and a proposed bill, purports to deal with the problem of abuses. In fact it provides the intelligence agencies with clearer authority than they have ever had to conduct surveillance programs in the United States and to hide their activities behind a shield of secrecy backed up for the first time by the threat of criminal penalties.

Perennial dissatisfaction with the intelligence agencies became acute in late 1974 when *The New York Times* reported that the CIA had conducted massive illegal domestic surveillance programs. A 14-month investigation of the charge confirmed it, the Rockefeller commission and the Church and Pike committees supplying documentation. The President in response would now specifically authorize activities that appear to violate the CIA charter.

The executive order issued by President Ford authorizes the CIA to conduct a wide variety of programs in the US to gather information clandestinely from Americans and foreigners. The CIA will be free to conduct any legal activity it chooses within the United States aimed at foreigners. It is also authorized to infiltrate organizations, student groups for example, composed primarily of foreigners and connected with a foreign power, and to seek to manipulate the activities of such organizations. Its new right to investigate American citizens is almost as extensive. The CIA is authorized by the President's order to conduct physical surveillance (including eavesdropping on conversations) of present or former employees or contractors to protect intelligence sources and methods, individuals in contact with former employees or foreigners for the purpose of determining their identity, and American citizens outside the US acting on behalf of foreign

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powers or threatening national security.

The CIA is now to be permitted to collect information on American citizens who are acting on behalf of foreign powers, who pose a threat to CIA installations and personnel, or who are believed to be potential sources or contacts. Such rationales were used by the CIA in the past to justify gathering information on individuals who had no connection with the agency. The Ford executive order also repeals *sub silento*, as the lawyers would say (that is, without acknowledging that it has done so) one of the few existing restrictions on the CIA. In 1967 when it was revealed that the CIA had had secret dealings with the National Student Association, foundations and universities, President Johnson issued an executive order prohibiting the agency from having secret dealings with nonprofit organizations. The new order permits such connections subject only to the proviso, in the case of universities, that appropriate senior officials of the university and the CIA know about the arrangement.

We learned about past abuses because present and former officials of the CIA gave information to the press and Congress. The President's proposed secrecy legislation is designed to deal with that problem by preventing leaks to the press or Congress. Officials with doubts about what is going on are to report to the CIA's inspector general, who in the past has been concerned mainly with the preparation of cover stories, or to the CIA general counsel, who has specialized in developing theories to justify CIA activities. If either of these officials is equally distressed, he can report to a new oversight board of three members who have reached the average age of 71 without exhibiting the slightest concern for past intelligence abuses.

If an official or former official takes his case to the Congress (except upon lawful demand of a committee) or to the press, he is subject to indictment under the new criminal law proposed by the President. The proposed statute covers only intelligence "sources and methods," but the CIA defines that phrase to cover virtually all of its activities.

Much is made of the fact that members of the press would not be subject to the new criminal penalties. Less has been said about the fact that journalists revealing intelligence secrets could be called before a grand jury and held in contempt for refusing to divulge sources.

While the President did not presume to dictate to his former colleagues in the Congress how they should organize themselves he did suggest the creation of a small joint committee that would be told what the executive branch wanted it to know and that could release any information the President authorized it to release. Fortunately the Senate Government Operations Committee, in reporting out a resolution last week to set up a permanent Senate intelligence committee, refused to take the President's advice. Its resolution, in contrast to the President's program, *is* a significant first step toward bringing the intelligence agencies under constitutional control. The resolution directs the intelligence agencies to keep the committee fully informed and authorizes the committee to release information that in its judgment should be made public subject to an appeal to the full Senate by three members of the committee requested to do so by the President. It urges officials of intelligence agencies to report evidence of wrongdoing to the committee. The resolution directs the new committee to consider drafting legislated charters for each of the intelligence organizations.

In light of what the President has authorized the intelligence agencies to do at home, we need such legislated charters, enforced by criminal and civil penalties. Only Congress can undo the harm of the Ford reforms.

The Schorr Sham

The House of Representatives voted last week, amid blustery talk of prosecution, to investigate CBS correspondent Daniel Schorr for his admitted role in giving *The Village Voice* part of a secret House committee report on US intelligence excesses. And now CBS has put him out to pasture for an "indefinite period," which many in Washington suspect will have no end. The networks have always been more comfortable being supine than being brave, and we may soon see the big media reverting to their pre-Watergate coziness with power.

There are at least three embarrassing questions mocking the House action. To begin with, Schorr most probably got the report from someone in the House itself. If the members are so worried in this case about their integrity, they might properly begin with themselves, and not with a newsman whose professional obligation is to cast light on the dark corners of government. But that only begs a second question: what were these secrets, and what did their publication damage? The national security? The reputations of the CIA and Henry Kissinger? The sanctity of a private deal between the Pike committee and the Ford administration? The political safety of some congressmen who're now worried about a backlash on the intelligence issue? After all the scandalous abuses of the past three years and after all the revelations of outrage committed in the name of national security, secrecy and its central tool, the classification system, still reign supreme in the US government. Bureaucrats and cabinet officers can cover their mistakes, sometimes their crimes, with the soft smudge of a rubber stamp, and Congress, in awe of authority, submits, leaving itself as powerless as ever in foreign affairs. The vast majority of the House committee report "secrets," like most foreign policy

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secrets, were well known abroad, to the Soviets, the French, the British, the Israelis, the Iranians, and assorted other intelligence services. The secrets were to be guarded from the American public, which could not to be trusted to let the Forty Committee and CIA stations operate in their customary autonomy, free of the messy intrusions of democracy. Until the House reforms the classification system, until secrecy is brought into proportion with real national security interests, gestures like the Schorr vote are a sham.

There is a final and probably more difficult question in all this. If errant journalist Schorr is to be censured by an indignant House, what about all those officials who have lied to the members and their committees? Did any of our representatives think it ironic that at the same time they adopted their Schorr resolution, the Justice Department let the statute of limitations run out on former CIA Director Richard Helms for his alleged responsibility in an "official" burglary? (See Morton Halperin's article on page 14.) Members of Congress have been an audience for perjury and deception by foreign policy officialdom many times. And not one lie or liar has been so much as officially chided by the Congress.

White House Watch

Laundering the Spies

Any judgment of the administration proposals to change and control the country's foreign intelligence system and procedures must turn upon agreement or disagreement with President Ford's view that it is "essential to have the best possible intelligence about the capabilities, intentions and activities of governments and other entities and individuals abroad." If you agree, as I do, the President's proposals must be held on the whole to be good and reasonable, probably the most and the best that can be done to prevent abuse while preserving a viable intelligence instrument. If the national necessity for such an instrument is doubted, or is granted a lower priority than is accorded the individual rights that an effective intelligence system must invade to some degree, the proposals may fairly be held—as they indeed are considered by many responsible critics—to cloak and validate activities that in today's climate have come to be regarded as illegal or at best unacceptable. That is not my view. But it or something close to it seems likely to be the view of Congress. If this turns out to be so and the President's proposals to deal mainly with the acknowledged problems of intelligence by executive action are displaced by punitive legislation, an enormous and largely unreported federal effort will have gone down the drain and Mr. Ford's endeavor to impose upon the foreign intelligence function a system of monitoring and accountability that would provide needed control will have been frustrated.

Aftermath accounts of the evolution of major presidential proposals never do the incumbent President any harm and, staff loyalties being what they usually are, may be somewhat self-serving. Nevertheless, the proffered history of Mr. Ford's intelligence actions and proposals believably credits him with a foresight, a steadiness of course, and a capacity for firm decision and strong assertion of his views in the final stages that he and his people seem unable to project to the public in a convincing way. His own efforts to convey these qualities in speeches and in other public performances tend to fall flat and, too often, make him look ridiculous. This failure of projection is one of the defects that could cost Gerald Ford the Republican nomination this summer and present the country with the spectacle, still incredible to me, of that California figurine, Ronald Reagan, actually running for election to the presidency.

Mr. Ford's home-town friend and chief counsel, Philip Buchen, and his staff of White House lawyers began work on the legal issues involved a full year before a temporary entity, the Intelligence Coordinating Group, focused last September on preparation of the proposals while trying to respond, in its first order of business, to the mounting demands for classified information and documents from the Senate and House intelligence investigating committees. Mason Cargill and Timothy Hardy, young lawyers from the staff of the Rockefeller commission that had investigated allegations of "massive and illegal" CIA domestic activity, joined Buchen's staff after the commission reported in June and did the early work on the formal restrictions upon intelligence agencies that constituted one of the most important and contentious sections of the executive order issued by the President on February 18. Those restrictions went through more than 100 drafts and were strongly opposed by the principal intelligence agencies. The many exceptions issued with them provided much of the basis for complaint that the executive order authorized and validated more civil abuses than it professed to prevent. Everybody concerned, from the President down, recognized that a simple list of "shalt nots" without exceptions and qualifications would be more popular and politically effective than the adopted version was. It was also recognized that such a list would be a dishonest sham, issued in concealed knowledge that the agencies chiefly affected—the CIA, the National Security Agency and the Defense Intelligence Agency—along with numerous military and civilian sub-agencies, some of them secret and unidentified to this day, would be compelled by their own necessities to modify the restrictions whether the exceptions were publicly announced and defined or not. Some thought was given at staff and departmental levels to announ-

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cing a set of restrictions and exceptions and leaving everything else to Congress. Buchen and Attorney General Edward Levi took the lead in persuading the President—he was said not to need much convincing—that the inherently negative restrictions should be accompanied by positive measures of control.

Donald Rumsfeld, who in September was chief of the White House staff and had yet to replace Secretary of Defense James R. Schlesinger, more or less invented the Intelligence Coordinating Group as a means of broadening and rationalizing the responsibility for White House and agency response to the increasing congressional demands for secret information and documents. The President made counselor John Marsh chairman of the group and appointed to it the Secretaries of State and Defense, the Attorney General, the director of Central Intelligence (whom he was about to fire along with Secretary Schlesinger and then retain for a while), and Philip Buchen. Henry Kissinger's former deputy and successor as the President's assistant for national security affairs, Lt. Gen. Brent Scowcroft, joined the group after Kissinger was relieved of his White House title.

Michael Raoul-Duval (Mike Duval for short), aged 37, a lawyer and associate director of the Domestic Council staff, was shifted to the White House Office staff and appointed executive director of the ICG. He and Marsh had the help of scores of bureaucrats at the White House, the Office of Management and Budget, and the various departments and agencies concerned with intelligence. They relied upon three officials in particular: OMB Associate Director Donald Ogilvie, who at Gen. Scowcroft's instance conducted a massive study of the entire intelligence community's organization and management; Kenneth Damm, who had preceded Ogilvie at OMB; and Ray Waldmann, a former State Department and Domestic Council official, who with Damm assisted Duval in putting together a monumental series of studies for the President. These included Damm's organization and management survey, assembled in a binder one and a half inches thick; a comparative summary of major reports on the intelligence community and its problems—among them the Rockefeller CIA report and its source documents, a broader report on foreign policy and intelligence organization masterminded by former ambassador and Under Secretary of State Robert Murphy, and a 1971 intelligence management study conducted by James Schlesinger when he was at OMB. What Duval calls "a narrative discussion" summarized intelligence issues that had recently been raised and should be raised (must there be covert operations?; what were the moral and ethical problems involved?; should the collection of foreign intelligence be consolidated in one agency or left among competing agencies?; similarly, should the several analytical staffs be consolidated or left to compete with each other?). The summary of the Rockefeller, Murphy and other reports, supplemented with super-secret supporting data, was flown to President Ford in Peking when he visited China last November so that he could study it on his way home. The essence of all these studies and much else was crammed into a thick volume, bound in gleaming white leather and called "The Decision Book," that President Ford took with him for study during his Christmas vacation at Vail. Gossip had it that the President didn't work on this or anything else at Vail. Duval has evidence to the contrary: a photograph of the President, Marsh and Duval aboard Air Force One during a side trip to St. Louis, discussing the "Decision Book" and looking grim.

It was apparent to Marsh, Duval and others that the President concentrated on his intelligence changes after he returned to Washington. At a memorable meeting with Mr. Ford on Saturday, January 10, Vice President Rockefeller startled the ICG members and staff with the vigor of his insistence that the 30 recommendations for reform and change that his CIA commission had submitted covered the necessary ground and that all this other stuff was wasted effort. Two of his chief recommendations were that the President recommend and insist upon a single House-Senate intelligence oversight committee and that the President should vest the chief executive responsibility for CIA oversight in his hitherto ornamental Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board. Mr. Ford bought the first recommendation and rejected the second in favor of a new, three-man civilian oversight board to be headed by Ambassador Murphy.

The two most hotly argued issues were settled only at the very last, although it was clear a good deal earlier that Mr. Ford had made up his mind on how to resolve them and was getting increasingly impatient with the persisting arguments and resistance from the Defense Department, civilian and military, and from the principal intelligence agencies. These issues were whether to define the responsibilities of the agencies in publicly stated terms, a concept that outraged intelligence professionals used to the freedoms of secrecy since the National Security Act was passed in 1947; and whether to vest major though not total control of intelligence agency budgets and resources in a three-member Committee on Foreign Intelligence (CFI) under a director of Central Intelligence with greatly expanded line authority over not only his own CIA but all other agencies dealing in "national" as distinct from more limited "tactical" intelligence.

At a near-final meeting on January 30 the President listened with discernibly thinning patience to a repetition of arguments he'd heard in person and read in memos from his new Secretary of Defense, Donald Rumsfeld, and the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Gen. George S. Brown, among others, to the effect that Defense and the military services controlled at least three quarters of all intelligence money and resources

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and therefore should keep line authority over it. At a final meeting on February 16, after many meetings with Marsh, Duval, Buchen and Attorney General Levi, the President was stern, tough, emphatic. He reminded those present that he'd gone over every point time and again, individually and in groups, with everybody concerned and indicated without quite saying that he'd had enough. Rumsfeld, Brown and Deputy Secretary of Defense Robert Ellsworth (who is to represent Defense on the CFI) expressed their last doubts about giving so much power to the new director of Central Intelligence, George Bush. Gen. Scowcroft, Buchen, Marsh and Attorney General Levi supported the President against Rumsfeld, Ellsworth and Brown (speaking for the military intelligence agencies) and Bush (speaking for the intelligence community) in favor of public charters. Levi, with the President throughout on the major issues, had some reservations about secrecy and surveillance legislation that was being submitted and promised. But there were no hard dissents, no assertions that what the President had so clearly decided upon was unacceptable. Everybody, in short, had got the message. Congress hasn't but that for Mr. Ford is another and sadder story.

John Osborne

The Media Campaign

GOP on TV

Most voters don't think they are affected much by TV commercials for candidates. Advertising of all sorts rates, as a perceived influence, well below newspaper and magazine stories, documentaries or newscasts, editorials, talks with family and friends and personal contact with the candidates. Professional politicians, however, are convinced that paid advertising on TV and radio is the *sine qua non* of effective campaign communication. Even in New Hampshire, where there is only one television station and most of the state must be served by spillover from the expensive Boston media market, electronic communication was the order of the day: up to 90 percent of the candidates' advertising money was invested in radio commercials.

Last week I examined the advertising claims and media strategies of the Democratic contenders. On the Republican side, Ronald Reagan's spots are being fashioned by Harry Treleaven, who made commercials for Richard Nixon in 1968, and the President Ford Committee has set up a special, independent agency to handle its media, directed by Peter Dailey, who headed a similar operation, called the November Group, for Nixon's reelection bid in 1972. Reagan probably has the most extensive series of spots of any candidate. Each prominently features Reagan, and each is cut from films of his "Citizen Press Conferences" in New Hampshire auditoriums or outdoor rallies in Florida. The technique is *cinema verité* right down to microphone feedback as Reagan speaks.

In content, the Reagan spots are an encapsulation of the fundamentals of the conservative philosophy espoused in his stump speeches, with a heavy dose of anti-Washington rhetoric mixed in. On the economy: "With this deliberately planned inflation, the government in Washington gets richer while the people out here get poorer. Inflation is the only cause of the recession. The only answer to unemployment is to eliminate inflation." On defense: "The United States must never be second to anyone else as a world power." On foreign aid: "I would favor programs directed less to simple handouts and more to training other countries to use our techniques so they can get off foreign aid and learn to take care of themselves."

Reagan's spots often show a question-and-answer exchange between the candidate and someone from the audience, though Reagan sometimes doesn't really answer the question. One commercial shows an elderly, soft-spoken woman telling Reagan that "New Hampshire is a sporting state," and asking what he would do about gun control. Reagan responds: "I'm against the kind of gun control that's being talked about in the Congress. I see that as only something that would make it difficult for an honest citizen to get a gun and do nothing at all about criminals."

It is a common practice to tailor the message in a political commercial to the audience that will see it. This sometimes means that a candidate's spots vary from one state to another. Hubert Humphrey's 1972 radio commercial promising to "stop the flow of your tax dollars to welfare chiselers" was played only in Florida, for example. One of Scoop Jackson's television spots this year says, "We all know busing is a failure. Whose plan would curb the power of federal judges to order forced busing?" That ad is not being run in Florida, where busing was an issue of prime voter concern four years ago, but it is running in Massachusetts where busing remains an issue today.

Reagan's message is also shrewdly targeted. Though there is no variation in content from state to state, the content of his commercials is framed to be consonant with attitudes present in the viewing population. For both New Hampshire and Florida, Reagan spots are specially designed to defuse the $90 billion "issue" by clarifying his stand on social security. To reach Florida's large population of old people, additional commercials have been cut. As the camera pans an audience of elderly listeners, Reagan says: "Americans have paid into social security month after month, year after year. Now Washington admits there is an imbalance in the program. Any reform of the social security program must have as its first priority that people will continue

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to get their monthly checks and that those checks will keep pace with inflation." The tag line? "Ronald Reagan. He provides the strong new leadership America needs."

Reagan's pitch is aimed squarely at Gerald Ford's main problem, that he is not publicly perceived as a strong, effective leader. Public opinion pollsters say that Ford has been slow to jell in peoples' minds as "the President." His media advisers admit that his open decision-making style and easygoing personal manner may have been just what the country needed after the trauma of Nixon's final days, but they have not given Ford a presidential image. Thus, Ford fluctuates widely in public opinion polls; he lacks the stature normally enjoyed by incumbent Presidents.

Most of Ford's televison commercials seem inadequate to the task of elevating his presidential image in the public eye. The basic technique will be familiar to any viewer of daytime television—the testimonial. Ford's spots are a series of short cuts of people (filmed against an obvious New England or Florida backdrop) each endorsing some aspect of Gerald Ford's presidency. "He's honest . . . He's doing all he can to turn the economy around." The overall effect is unfortunately not much more compelling than those spots that run locally all over America in which people obviously selected to represent different "types" are flashed on the screen long enough to tell you that they got the best car deal in town at Smedley Ford.

One of Mr. Ford's commercials is of a different sort, it is aimed more directly at the problem of his leadership, and designed to capitalize on what is widely believed to be his most important asset in the showdown with Reagan. In that spot, the camera looks over the blue water in Washington's tidal basin and slowly moves toward the Jefferson memorial in the background, as we hear President Ford speaking from his August 9, 1974 Inaugural Address: "Our long national nightmare is over. Our constitution works. Here the people rule." As the camera dissolves to still shots of Ford at work in the oval office, the announcer's voice takes over: "He came to the office of President in troubled times. He reminded us of our strength. Confident and candid, he began an open administration. Now, quietly and firmly, he is leading us out of the worst recession in years." The spot goes on to deal with recent gains in reducing unemployment and the rate of inflation. The message is that Ford is a leader, that he is effective, that he is President. And the tag line: "President Ford is *your* President. Keep him."

The New Hampshire results bring Ford out of his first test with the advantage of his incumbency rather scarred. For the next primary tests in Florida and Illinois, Peter Dailey and the rest of Campaign '76, the President's in-house media operation, may have to reconsider their strategy.

Ken Bode

Patty Hearst's Conversion

Some Call it Brainwashing

by Thomas Szasz

Like all persons accused of a dramatic crime, Patty Hearst has managed, for however brief a period, to make people pay attention to her. Although the play in which she now appears is likely to have a short run, she is its undisputed star—the victim of mind-rape. Truly, life imitates art. We have had *The Manchurian Candidate* and *A Clockwork Orange*. Now we have *The Brainwashed Heiress*.

Gone are the days when people asked: "Did she or didn't she?" Who cares any more what people do—legally or sexually? What people now want to know is what's in other people's brains. So they ask: "Was she or wasn't she brainwashed?" Having asked it they demand an answer with the same impatience with which a spoiled child demands an ice cream cone. And the experts on brainwashing will give them an answer as eagerly as doting parents give ice cream cones to their whining children. In fact, although people are asking for only one answer, they shall inevitably get two: yes, she was brainwashed; no, she was not.

But the question is meaningless. Asking it is an intellectual and moral copout; answering it is psychiatric prostitution; and believing the answer is self-deception.

Nietzsche was right when he said that "a criminal is frequently not equal to his deed: he makes it smaller and slanders it." Patty Hearst, the victorious SLA soldier, with gun slung snappily over her shoulder, seemed proud and self-assured. Her lawyers claim that she was then "brainwashed." Patty Hearst, the victim of kidnapping, with a decorous dress draped over her slender frame, seems shrunken and bewildered. Is this what Nietzsche had in mind when he remarked that "lawyers defending a criminal are rarely artists enough to turn the beautiful terrible mess of the criminal's deed to his advantage"?

Has there been any significant change in Patty Hearst's behavior? Before her arrest, she demeaned and denounced those who "helped" her as a child; now, she demeans and denounces those who "helped" her as a fugitive. For whatever reason, she seems to be inclined to make her life exciting at the expense of the dignity, liberty and property of others.

The basic facts in the Hearst trial are simple and uncontested. The defendant engaged in numerous acts

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which, unless legally excusable, and excused, constitute serious crimes. What legal excuses mitigate or negate "criminal responsibility" for such acts? There are only a few. One is actual, physical duress. If a person forces another to commit an illegal act—say, literally at gunpoint—then the coerced actor is not legally responsible for his act. Another excuse is insanity. The illegal act, according to this claim, is not something that the defendant has done; it is something that has happened to him. The defendant is therefore no more responsible for his illegal act than a patient with myocardial insufficiency is responsible for his abnormal electrocardiogram. Patty Hearst does not claim this defense.

What excuse is left? Only what used to be called "temporary insanity," a concept that has become as unfashionable in forensic psychiatry as narrow ties have in menswear; hence, "temporary insanity" has been refashioned into "brainwashing." The defendant, according to this claim, was not "really" himself when he committed the illegal acts; he was "really" someone else, that is, his "brainwashed" self; hence his "un-brainwashed" self cannot be held responsible for these acts. This is Patty Hearst's defense.

The crucial question thus becomes: What is "brainwashing"? Are there, as the term implies, two kinds of brains: washed and unwashed? How do we know which is which?

Actually, it's all quite simple. Like many dramatic terms, "brainwashing" is a metaphor. A person can no more wash another's brain with coercion or conversation than he can make him bleed with a cutting remark.

If there is no such thing as brainwashing, what does this metaphor stand for? It stands for one of the most universal human experiences and events, namely for one person influencing another. However, we do not call all types of personal or psychological influences "brainwashing." We reserve this term for influences of which we disapprove.

In other words, "brainwashing" is like "perversion": as the latter term refers only to those sexual activities that one disdains, so the former refers only to those educational or psychological influences one abhors. While she was with the SLA, Patty Hearst was no doubt influenced by her captors and associates; Hearst, Bailey, the press and nearly everyone else calls this "brainwashing." Between the time of her arrest, when she identified herself as an "urban guerrilla," and her appearance in court as a demure and dutiful daughter, Patty Hearst was no doubt influenced by her new captors and associates: no one calls this "brainwashing."

In short, trying to ascertain whether Patty Hearst has been brainwashed by having her examined by psychiatrists—is like trying to ascertain whether holy water is holy by having it examined by priests. Terms like "brainwashing" and "holy water" (and others like them) are invented and deployed strategically by these very "experts" for their own purposes. If we really want to understand what holy water is, we must examine priests, not water; if we really want to understand what brainwashing is, we must examine psychiatrists, not brains (or criminal defendants).

What, then, are the psychiatrists doing in the Hearst trial? They are "testifying" for whoever pays them. More than 300 years ago, an English aristocrat defined

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an ambassador as an honest man sent abroad to lie for his country. I would define a forensic psychiatrist as an honest doctor sent into court to lie for his masters.

We have done away with canon law and no longer look to priests to tell us about the purity or pollution of the soul. But we have substituted for it mental hygiene law and look to psychiatrists to tell us about the purity or pollution of the brain.

Power Play in Western Sahara

African Atlantic Chess

by Russell Warren Howe

Russia's proxy power play in Angola is now being balanced by a Western proxy power play in former Spanish Sahara. In Angola, a Cuban division of regulars is conquering the country, handing over control to a minority party created by the KGB over a decade ago. In Western Sahara, as Spanish Sahara is now known, the pro-Western Moroccan monarchy has been allowed to annex the phosphate-rich territory and thus finds itself at war with Algeria.

When the Soviet Union injected aviation, missiles, medium tanks, 500 Russian staff officers and instructors and 10 percent of the Cuban army into Angola, it apparently banked on current congressional attitudes toward the CIA to hobble US support for the country's major parties. Conversely, State Department and National Security Council experts believe Moscow will be reluctant to bankroll a long war in behalf of Saharan independence by Algeria. They may be wrong.

After a decade of procrastination, Franco's Spain last year yielded to UN pressure and promised a "free consultation" of public opinion to determine the future of New England-sized Spanish Sahara, which has about 74,000 inhabitants and the world's richest phosphate deposits—at Bu Craa. Morocco and Mauritania claimed the territory, but the International Court at The Hague rejected their claims as lacking historic authenticity.

Morocco's King Hassan was then facing a stagnant economy and a reduced budget (partly because of a 40 percent drop in Morocco's own phosphate revenues); he was trying to keep the lid on his armed forces, which had twice tried to kill him and which were chafing under the king's freeze on promotions and new weaponry. The situation called for a victorious foreign diversion. Hassan consequently announced that, regardless of the UN, the International Court and the Saharwis, Morocco would seize the territory. To mollify Mauritania, that country would be given the country's impoverished south.

Faced with this threat, the UN voted a compromise resolution last November to replace the several already passed calling on Spain to hold a "referendum" or a "consultation." The new motion demanded that Spain, Morocco and Mauritania jointly organize the plebiscite. This scored a plurality—56 for, 42 against, 32 abstentions. Tanzania then proposed a Spanish-administered "consultation" under UN control. This was passed by two thirds—88 for, none against, 41 abstentions.

With tacit Spanish consent, Hassan scorned the UN and occupied the colony's north, even before full withdrawal of the Spanish civil and military authorities. He said he would satisfy the UN resolution by a vote of the Yemaa, the Saharwi tribal council. Although metaphorically under the Moroccan guns, the Yemaa then voted for independence from Spain, Morocco and Mauritania by 71 votes to 31. The council was at once disbanded and there was an undignified Moroccan scurry to produce a puppet Yemaa. This voted 72-30 for Moroccan rule in the north, Mauritanian rule in the south. As the Mauritanians had difficulty putting down the Frente Polisario (Saharwi nationalists), Morocco's armed forces ended up occupying strong points all over the country.

UN reports recognize that Polisario represents most of the country's 40,000 adults: but the smallness of the population induces African and world apathy about the Moroccan annexation. In Washington, it is seen as a useful counterpoise to Moscow's success in establishing a sphere of influence through Marxist regimes in Guinea-Bissau, Angola, oil-rich Cabinda and the strategic island of São Tomé, Principe and the Cabo Verdes—all ex-Portuguese colonies. An independent

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Western Sahara would be dependent for defense on Algeria, which is ideologically opposed to the Rabat monarchy and which wants to ship the mineral wealth of its southwest (Tindouf) area through the Saharan port-capital, Al Aaiun. Algeria's main superpower links are to Moscow.

Spain consented to the Moroccan seizure in return for continued part-ownership of the phosphate mines and fair compensation for the 65 percent Morocco is now acquiring. Obeying the UN and defying Rabat could have obliged Madrid to stay on and defend the territory against Morocco, which might have seized the five Spanish enclaves on Morocco's Mediterranean coast, made life hard for Spaniards living in Morocco—and perhaps, with persistence, finally seized Bu Craa anyway.

The US voted for the Tanzanian resolution. But it closed its eyes to the Moroccan annexation for three main reasons:

- America was, at the time, negotiating a new agreement to retain four Spanish bases, and therefore supported a Saharan solution satisfactory to Madrid.
- Even more than Zaire and Ethiopia, Morocco is Washington's African client-state. It occupies a strategic position on the Atlantic and the Gibraltar Straits. The three small US naval facilities in Morocco would acquire new significance if there were a revolution in Spain similar to Portugal's.
- The Soviet success elsewhere in Atlantic Africa called for a "Western" riposte.

Algeria, however, has several advantages in its developing war with Morocco. Firstly, moral—it is fighting in support of the UN, the International Court and the Saharwis themselves against an act of plunder. Secondly, its armed forces have virtually undivided loyalties, and weapons superiority. And thirdly, Algeria has a matchless logistical plus—an 1100-mile blacktop road running all the way from Algiers to Tindouf, 45 miles from the Western Sahara border. Algeria has 55,000 soldiers, 400 heavy and medium tanks, 400 light tanks and APC's and a reserve of 50,000 veterans of the successful war for independence from France. It has Africa's second largest air force after Egypt's—206 combat planes, including 30 Il-28 bombers and 35 MiG-21 fighter-bombers. Morocco has 50,000 soldiers and no reserves, but is training 10,000 recruits. It has 120 medium tanks, 206 light tanks and armored cars and 60 combat aircraft—24 F-5s, no bombers. Mauritania's armed forces total 1800. Polisario guerrillas number over 2000 and they have used Soviet shoulder-mounted missile launchers to down Moroccan aircraft flying support missions for the Mauritanians.

A major Polisario target probably will be the 60-mile phosphate conveyor belt from Bu Craa to Al Aaiun. (Because of the war, the 2000 Spanish workers have left and the phosphate operation is currently closed.)

Algeria reportedly has 30,000 troops and 200 tanks in the Tindouf area. A 20 percent increase in defense spending has permitted mobilization of some reservists. Libya has promised financial and air force support. Both North Vietnam and, reportedly, Cuba will train Polisario guerrillas.

Morocco reportedly has 25,000 troops in Western Sahara and southern Morocco. Saudi Arabia is providing funds for 25 Mirage F-1 fighter-bombers from France and some medium American tanks. The US has promised 21 F-4s. Vice Admiral Frederick Turner has called on Hassan, sparking rumors of covert US naval assistance to the king's forces in Western Sahara.

A Morocco-Algeria border conflict in 1964 ended in stalemate, because of logistical problems. But by spring, Algeria's President Boumedienne should have little difficulty driving his armor, under air cover, through southern Morocco to the sea, and cutting off the Moroccans in Western Sahara, if he wants to. The best trans-Sahara trail runs from Tindouf through Mauritania, parallel to the old Spanish Sahara border. Holding this should enable Algeria and Polisario to isolate Mauritania from its "conquest" and tie up that country's forces at home. If Algeria can also tie up Moroccan troops in the morale-destroying Sahara oven for many months, while continuing to encourage conspiracies in Rabat, Hassan's desert gamble may prove the last act of Morocco's millenial monarchy. The Moroccans can be expected to fight well, however, especially in their own country—in the Sahara, they will have the population against them. The Moroccan brigade that fought on the Golan Heights against Israel in 1973 did so well that Hassan dismembered it on its return, afraid it would be a nexus for revolution. Forty years ago, a governor of Spanish Morocco called Francisco Franco used Moroccan troops to turn the tide of Spain's civil war and make himself dictator.

So far, there has only been one serious encounter: a Moroccan armored unit ambushed an Algerian company at Amgala in Western Sahara in January, killing or capturing 100; a few days later, the Algerians wiped out the new Moroccan garrison, with Rabat admitting to 400 casualties. Can Hassan survive? If the US decides to give Brezhnev and Castro a free hand in Angola—and if Moscow can be persuaded that this is a concession, not a penalty goal inflicted on the US government by the Congress—then Moscow might refuse to resupply Algiers and Tripoli, removing the war from the battlefield to the broadsheets and the airwaves. This could be decisive, for few Western arms suppliers would favor Algeria over Morocco, and Algeria's existing "spare parts dependence" is on Moscow, not on Western capitals. But objectively, at this point, the scales of victory seem tipped toward Algeria. Neither France—which has more at stake in Algeria than in Morocco—nor the United States (which will soon count Algeria as its major source of imported natural gas) can do more

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than so much to rescue Hassan from his weapons inferiority. Given the US handicap in Angola, Moscow has no strong reason to lean on Algeria and Libya—both noted, in any case, for their refractory attitude to superpower pressure.

It is true that if Washington had failed to support the land grab, this would have angered the king: but Morocco cannot afford to be "difficult"; like Taiwan and Israel, it has virtually no other friend than America. If the Saharan adventure costs Hassan his throne, a new Moroccan republic, friendly to Algeria, may close down another American toehold on the Atlantic. Like Cyprus, Spanish Sahara seems an obvious customer for a UN peacekeeping force—whose presence would facilitate that long-awaited referendum and the independence the little nation wants.

Did Richard Helms Commit Perjury?

by Morton H. Halperin

One of the most extraordinary meetings in the continuing investigation of the abuses of the intelligence agencies took place early last year in the office of the then Deputy Attorney General Laurence Silberman. His visitor was Director of Central Intelligence William Colby. Colby began the meeting by alluding to a long-standing secret agreement between the CIA and the Justice Department under which the CIA was not obliged to report evidence of possible violations of the law by its employees to the Justice Department. Silberman stated that he had never heard of such an agreement and the two men quickly agreed that it could not be valid. Colby then presented to the Deputy Attorney General evidence in his possession suggesting that Richard Helms, his predecessor, had committed perjury in testimony before Congress.

The exact nature of the evidence Colby presented about Helms that day is not known; it is known that it is the subject of a continuing investigation by Justice. There appear to be three areas in which testimony by Helms under oath misled the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and may have constituted a violation of the perjury statute: US intervention in Chile, CIA domestic surveillance and the CIA role in Watergate. Helms was questioned on all three subjects during the hearings held February 5 and 7, 1973 prior to his confirmation as ambassador to Iran. When evidence was made public casting doubt on Helms' testimony, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee called him back to explain, first on May 21, 1973 and then on January 22, 1975. On both occasions Helms' "explanations" appear to have been deliberately misleading and possibly perjurious.

The bulk of this article is devoted to presenting in some detail the original testimony by Helms, his later testimony, and what is known from the public record that casts doubt on Helms' veracity.

Helms testified before the Foreign Relations Committee on his nomination to be ambassador to Iran in public session on February 5, 1973. He was not sworn, the questioning was polite and very brief (running 16 pages altogether in printed form). The sole reference to Chile was a passing comment in a question pertaining to the International Telephone and Telegraph Company. Helms assured the committee that the CIA's relations with ITT were "for the purposes of the acquisition of information and things of this kind."

Then a story appeared in the press alleging that the CIA had trained the police forces of about a dozen cities and counties in the US. The committee called Helms back for an executive session. This time he was sworn and the questioning went on for some two hours. The departing CIA director was pressed on a number of subjects including Watergate, domestic surveillance and the CIA role in Chile during the Allende period.

At the time of the hearing nothing was known publicly about the CIA's activities in Chile. Administration officials were denying that the US was involved in any way and Helms repeated those denials in an exchange with Sen. Stuart Symington (D,Mo.):

Sen. Symington: Did you try in the Central Intelligence

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agency to overthrow the government of Chile?
Mr. Helms: No, sir.
Sen. Symington: Did you have any money passed to the opponents of Allende?
Mr. Helms: No, sir.
Sen. Symington: So the stories you were involved in that war are wrong?
Mr. Helms: Yes, sir. I said to Sen. Fulbright many months ago that if the agency had really gotten in behind the other candidates and spent a lot of money and so forth the election might have come out differently.

When Helms was called back to testify almost two years later on January 22, 1975 the letter written by Rep. Michael Harrington (D, Mass.) summarizing Colby's testimony on CIA activities in Chile had been made public. The committee asked Helms to explain his previous testimony in light of Colby's description of intervention in Chile after Allende came to power. The committee now knew that some money had been given to political groups in Chile during the election campaign. Helms explained contritely his previous "no" answer to the question, was "any money passed to the opponents of Allende": "perhaps I should have answered it in a much more extensive way. May I say, right here and now, that I think I made one mistake in that testimony; maybe it is a serious mistake, but I should probably have asked either to go off the record or asked to discuss this matter in some other forum."

Helms said he had thought that Symington's question related to the two men who had actually run against Allende in the presidential election of 1970. Helms noted that the CIA had given money directly to Allende's opponents in the 1964 election and he assumed the question related only to such direct transfers. The former CIA director testified that as far as he knew no assistance had been given to political parties in 1970.

The question relating to overthrowing the government of Chile was more difficult for Helms to field, and he needed help from friends on the committee: "By the testimony I wish you gentlemen would help me because I have a sensation here sometimes I am walking into a bog, that maybe somebody has come up and said something else, which makes it seem as through [sic] I am not being forthright." He then went on to deny that there had been anything more than a probe at the request of the Nixon administration to see what could be done:

> *The Allende government was not even in at the time the probe was made, just to see if there were any forces there to oppose Allende's advent as President. It was very quickly established there were not, and therefore, no further effort was made along those lines, to the best of my knowledge, at least I know of none. Even though we had been charged to try and find out, I believe a report came back that there was no way to do this . . .*
>
> *Looking back at the various things that certainly were done, I cannot understand how anyone could interpret them as an attempt to overthrow the government or believe that they stood a chance of doing so. So that is what I meant when I answered Senator Symington's question there was really no effort made to overthrow the government of Chile.*

Helms ended his exchange with the committee on this subject by confessing that he was less than candid but had not lied: "I didn't want to seek refuge and say I lied in the national security interest. I didn't run into any situation where I thought that was required."

The most authoritative accounts of the CIA role in Chile are two reports of the Senate Intelligence Committee, one on *Alleged Assassination Plots Involving Foreign Leaders*, released November 20, 1975, and one on *Covert Action in Chile 1963-1973*, released last December. The Chile report supports Helms' assertion that no money was passed directly to political parties running candidates against Allende in the presidential campaign. It reports also that the CIA spent some one million dollars "on covert action to affect the outcome of the 1970 presidential election," with about half of the activities approved by the Forty Committee on which Helms sat. One major activity was a "scare" campaign designed to equate an Allende victory with violence and Stalinist repression.

The Church committee assassination report provides extensive detail on the CIA effort to overthrow the government of Chile after the presidential election of 1970 but before Allende actually came into office. The order to do whatever was necessary to prevent Allende from coming to power was given to Helms by President Nixon at a meeting on September 15, 1970. As Helms testified before the Church committee, "If I ever carried a marshall's baton in my knapsack out of the oval office, it was that day." He told his staff the next day that "the President asked the agency to prevent Allende from coming to power or to unseat him." The order sent to the station in Santiago was equally explicit: "Purpose of exercise is to prevent Allende assumption of power. Parliamentary legerdemain has been discarded. Military solution is objective." According to the Church committee this objective was implemented in a program that included creating a coup climate by propaganda, disinformation and other activities designed to motivate a coup and by informing coup-minded officers that the US would give them full support. Helms was fully aware of these activities.

At the time of Helms' confirmation hearing in February 1973, nothing was known publicly about the domestic surveillance programs of the CIA. It was known that the army had conducted a massive domestic surveillance program focused on the antiwar movement because of intense presidential pressure. Sen. Case thus was moved to ask if the CIA had come under similar pressure and if it had yielded. This exchange

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took place.

Sen. Case: On another matter, back to the CIA, if I may, I expect the President can ask the CIA to do anything he wants it to do. Of course, whether the CIA does it or not, I suppose, depends upon many things.

It has been called to my attention that in 1969 or 1970 the White House asked that all intelligence agencies join in the effort to learn as much as they could about the antiwar movement, and during this period, US Army Intelligence became involved and kept files on US citizens.

Do you know anything about any activity on the part of the CIA in that connection? Was it asked to be involved?

Mr. Helms: I don't recall whether we were asked, but we were not involved because it seemed to me that it was a clear violation of what our charter was.

Sen. Case: What do you do in a case like that?

Mr. Helms: I would simply go to explain to the President this didn't seem to me to be advisable.

Sen. Case: That would end it?

Mr. Helms: Well, I think so, normally.

When Helms reappeared in January 1975, the committee knew nothing about Operation CHAOS and other CIA domestic activities. Sen. Case recited the testimony quoted above and indicated the Helms' answer had turned off further inquiry about CIA activity and "was disingenuous at least." Helms offered this explanation:

> *Now I distinctly remember when I was asked that that I wanted very much to clear up any impression in your mind that we had done like Army Intelligence, that I was addressing myself to the part of the question where you said, "And during this period US Army Intelligence was involved and kept files on US citizens." I wanted to correct any impression you might have had that the CIA was doing the same thing.*
>
> *And believe me, the first part of the question had simply gone out of my mind and in my desire to set your mind straight on something which I thought was very explosive indeed, that we go out and take photographs of war protestors, dissidents, and things of that kind because we had not done so.*

The Rockefeller commission report on the CIA provides extensive detail about White House requests to the agency to learn everything it could about the antiwar movement. It shows that, far from rejecting these requests, Helms directed a major operation that included keeping "files on US citizens" and taking "photographs of war protestors." The Rockefeller commission report indicates that beginning in the Johnson administration there was continuous pressure on the CIA to investigate the antiwar movement. The CIA responded not by rejecting the demands but by preparing reports and by establishing Operation CHAOS. That project produced 7200 personality files on American citizens who were the targets of its collection. Its computer included the names of more than 300,000 Americans. More than 6000 memoranda were produced daily, many of them concerning antiwar activity within the United States.

Helms appears not to have been in doubt about the fact that these activities were, to quote his testimony, "a clear violation of what our charter was." Indeed, he used similar language in sending a copy of one report on "Restless Youth" to White House National Security Adviser Henry Kissinger:

> *In an effort to round-out our discussion of this subject, we have included a section on American students. This is an area not within the charter of this agency, so I need not emphasize how extremely sensitive this makes the paper. Should anyone learn of its existence it would prove most embarrassing for all concerned.*

The Rockefeller commission report states that Helms was fully aware of the activities of Operation CHAOS, as well as other CIA programs designed to gather and analyze information about the antiwar movement. The report does not indicate whether he was personally aware of the photographing of anitwar protesters. The Rockefeller commission report states that "photographs were also taken at several major demonstrations in the Washington area and at protest activities in the vicinity of the White House."

Helms' testimony on Watergate is, for several reasons, not as clearcut and simple to analyze as his testimony on Chile and domestic dissidents. The testimony is much more extensive. Helms had two chances to explain, in May 1973 and in January 1975 (when he dealt also with Chile and domestic dissidents). Finally there is no authoritative account of the CIA role in Watergate. Nonetheless there are exchanges with senators at the confirmation hearings and the subsequent sessions that raise questions about whether Helms told the truth.

Two sets of exchanges in the confirmation hearings raised questions that the committee explored when Helms was called back. The first concerned CIA relations with Watergate conspirators E. Howard Hunt and G. Gordon Liddy. It came at the end of a discussion of whether any of the Watergate burglars had been employees or had other relations with the CIA:

The Chairman: Was E. Howard Hunt, Jr., an employee?

Mr. Helms: He also had been an employee of the agency.

The Chairman: In a similar situation?

Mr. Helms: He also, but my recollection is that he resigned rather than retired. I am not sure exactly. It was one or the other.

The Chairman: About when?

Mr. Helms: About two, two and-a-half years ago.

The Chairman: He had no relationship to the CIA since

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then?
Mr. Helms: No, sir.
The Chairman: What is G. Gordon Liddy's relationship with the agency?
Mr. Helms: None.
The Chairman: Never?
Mr. Helms: Never under any circumstances.
The Chairman: He never has been. I see.
Mr. Helms: Never.

Later at the end of the hearing, committee chairman William Fulbright alluded to the famous "Sullivan episode." It seems William Sullivan, a career State Department official, had testified often before the Foreign Relations Committee about Laos but had never told the committee about the secret war, the massive American bombing program in Laos. When the committee finally heard about it, Sullivan was asked why he had never testified about the secret war. His answer was that the committee had never asked the right question. Fulbright asked Helms: "Is there something that I should have asked you about that I didn't to which you might like to reply?" Helms answered, "Sir, let me in an effort to sort of close this, about this, Watergate business, you have asked all the relevant questions. I have no more information to convey and I know nothing about it. Honestly, I do not".

There was a brief exchange following and then Helms asked to go off the record. The hearing ended.

Helms was called back to testify in May 1973, just after the Watergate bubble had burst. The committee then knew about the aid to Hunt and Liddy used in the Fielding break-in (Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office), the preparation of the Ellsberg psychological profile, and the White House effort to get the CIA to request that the FBI limit the scope of its Watergate investigation. Fulbright pressed Helms on his statement that Hunt had no relationship with the CIA after his retirement and that Liddy had never had any. Helms explained:

> *But, Mr. Chairman, in the context of the questions I was answering, this had to do with an agency's fiduciary or hiring or employee relations with Hunt and Liddy, and I answered those questions absolutely honestly.*
>
> *This man [Hunt] was not employed by the agency at the time he came out to get these equipments. He was employed by the White House.*
>
> *Now in retrospect and in hindsight one can stretch the word "relationship" very much more widely than I construed it at the time because all the preceding questions had to do with who was on the payroll and who was not on the payroll, and under what circumstances.*

When Helms returned in January 1975, the Watergate questioning focused on the still unresolved issue of whether when the CIA cut off aid to Hunt and Liddy Helms knew that they were engaged in a burglary operation. Helms denied that he knew.

In fact there is no question that CIA had a "relationship" with Hunt and Liddy. Whether Helms' answer on that question deceived the committee intentionally depends on whether he could reasonably believe that the question pertained only to formal employment. The termination of CIA aid to Hunt and Liddy just after the agency processed photographs for the Fielding break-in remains a mystery and it is not clear how much Helms knew and when.

As for the "Sullivan" question, there were a number of things that Helms knew in January 1975 about Watergate. These include:

- The White House meeting at which the CIA was asked to go to the FBI and request a curtailment of the Watergate investigation.
- The CIA assistance to Hunt and Liddy included the provision of false identification documents of the kind found on the Watergate burglars.
- The letters the agency had received from conspirator James McCord warning that an effort was underway to cover-up the Watergate burglary and blame it on the CIA.

The committee would have also wanted to know that, according to testimoney before the House Armed Services subcommittee on intelligence, Helms personally ordered that the McCord letters and the CIA file on aid to Hunt and Liddy not be turned over to the FBI agents investigating the Watergate case.

The Justice Department has been investigating Helms with perjury in mind for more than a year. Its current explanation for the delay is that it has asked the Senate Intelligence Committee for the information not yet made available. No doubt other pressures are at work. For 20 years there was an agreement between Justice and the CIA never to prosecute CIA people. To break it retroactively may seem unfair. Helms was hired to lie for his country and no one told him that that did not include lying to Congress. Moreover, in a criminal prosecution the trial must be in public. Helms will have every right to make public all of the details of these episodes in an effort to show that he did not actually lie. Particularly in the case of Chile many in the administration must feel that such additional revelations would damage the national security. Beyong these factors Helms is said to have told friends that if indicted he would not remain silent but would implicate others. William Safire in a recent *New York Times* column suggested that those whom Helms would blow the whistle on include a senior US senator, reportedly Stuart Symington, and a cabinet officer.

In these circumstances the Attorney General's role becomes exceedingly difficult. He should appoint a special prosecutor to consider the evidence on Helms and to decide whether an indictment should be sought.

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Taxi Driver

(Columbia)

The first shot is of steam gushing up from a manhole in a Manhattan street. Thus the director, Martin Scorsese, tells us two things: that his film is about the pressures that boil up in a big city today and that this shot is the level of his metaphoric invention. Nothing in the picture is more subtle, less nudgingly and greasily assumptive, than that opening shot.

The script, by Paul Schrader, centers on an ex-Marine (Robert De Niro), who becomes a New York taxi driver, who is willing to drive at night even in the riskiest parts of town, who lives a lonely grubby life even though he makes an adequate living, who keeps a journal, who goes from 10 hours' nightwork straight to porno films because he can't sleep, who develops a crush on a distant blonde beauty, fails with her, then assumes a knightly stance toward a 12-year-old prostitute in the East Village. He shows increasing signs of psychosis, arms himself with a knife and several pistols, attempts the life of a political candidate for whom the blonde works, fails, then kills the pimps of the child-whore. There is a postlude after the presumed finish, intended to be ironic but which only blazons the defects of what has gone before and crystallizes the picture's ultimate insignificance.

Schrader is the author of a book called *Transcendental Style in Film*, a study of three directors including Robert Bresson, and it's apparent that, despite the torrent of violence and violent language, he has based this script on Bressonian models. There is a lone, quasi-monastic protagonist in the midst of an ugly brawling city whose vision of the "Wholly Other" (Schrader's phrase) is a blonde beauty, as in *Pickpocket*; who keeps a journal that to some degree "doubles" the action we see, as in *Diary of a Country Priest*; for whom the nighttime neon garishness of the big city in which he lives is like a foreign country, as in *Une Femme Douce*. But the more this script reminds us of Bresson, the more Schrader reveals a recurrent fault in latter-day American film-making: the imitation of the form and movement of a good European model without rooting the work in sources like those from which the original grew. The hero of *Pickpocket* is, for Bresson, a tiny lonely digit in the infinite calculus of God. The hero of *Taxi Driver* is a psychotic, nothing more, and his story is a case history, nothing more. It's as if one were to copy *Macbeth* including the murders for career-advancement but omitting the spiritual withering of the murderer.

The episode with the blonde shows further Schrader's bungling, strategically and tactically. After De Niro makes clear his adoration and near-reverence, the girl—seemingly impressed by his fervor and his awe—consents to go out with him. Where does he take her? To a hard-core porno flick. She soon leaves in disgust and refuses to speak to him again. His choice of films might be seen as a symptom of a kind of innocence: he himself goes to porno flicks, apparently not for arousal, and if we could believe his statement that he doesn't know there is any other kind of movie, we could see the disaster of this date as the vengeance of the world on the unworldly—a Bressonian strophe. But we can't believe him. De Niro spends a great deal of time fulminating against the sexual filth in New York that he sees as he drives, that takes place even in his cab: he hates it and says often that all the garbage in New York should be flushed down the toilet. How could he possibly dissociate what he sees on the porno screen from the male and female whoring he loathes in the streets, even if he did somehow believe that this was the only kind of movie in existence? Far from naïveté, the scene comes out at best as further proof of the hero's insanity; and also of Schrader's imposition on his script of gestures of innocence, in imitation of his model, instead of drawing them from inner sources as Bresson does.

And further, with an eye on his audience instead of on his subject, Schrader fiddles with the picture's lonely point of view. He gives us, for instance, a scene with the blonde and an office swain so that we can have a little modish badinage; a scene with the child-whore and her young pimp to "explain" her (which is more than he does with his hero) and to give us a few erotic moments.

The ending confirms the fakery of what has gone before. (I debated whether to reveal this ending, but if the work is really serious, then surprise should be irrelevant; and this film claims to be serious.) De Niro has a very long, very bloody shootout with the two men who protect the child-whore; he himself is shot at least twice. At the end of this protracted hideous violence De Niro sprawls, barely conscious, next to one of the corpses. Scorsese then takes his camera high above the scene and, moving overhead, goes back over the bloodstains to the other body. It's like a deceptive cadence in music: we expect the closing chord. Instead we suddenly cut to the epilogue. De Niro has recovered, has been hailed as a hero for rescuing the child, is back driving a cab, and accidentally re-meets the blonde who is now in awe of *him*. He snubs her and drives off.

What in heaven's name does this ending mean? Irony, obviously, but about what? Society's inability to detect a homicidal psychotic? The fact that, from this "hero," more killing will surely come? Is that what this heavy, grittily detailed film has been building up to? Or does it all merely lead up to the cute shift of awe from him to the blonde? Or are we supposed to swallow the psychically incredible proposition that De Niro has now had his emotional explosion and will henceforth live normally? No matter how you slice it, it's a Happy Ending. When F. W. Murnau and his

Films Worth Seeing

The Man Who Would Be King. Kipling well kippled by John Huston. Christopher Plummer as the author when young, Michael Caine and Sean Connery as two ex-soldiers in the old India.

Lina Wertmüller. Three films by this Italian writer-director are now on view: *All Screwed Up* (1973), modern Milan macerates young people; *Swept Away* (1974), rich yachtswoman and poor sailor on desert island; *Seven Beauties* (1975), a Neapolitan in WW II. All are imperfect, but all contain marvels—especially the last—and all confirm the eruption of a unique and stunning talent.

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writer Carl Mayer stuck an arbitrary happy ending on *The Last Laugh*, they at least had the Brechtian honesty to laugh at it, so that it obliquely ratified the grimness that had gone before. Schrader, with Scorsese, only ratifies the hollowness of what has gone before.

Scorsese's camerawork has in fact improved since *Mean Streets* and *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore*: it's more self-confident, with less zooming and handheld stuff. The editing, by Tom Rolf and Melvin Shapiro, is much the best he has had. But abetted by the late Bernard Herrmann's score—music that is elephantine in its banality and its underlining—Scorsese once again slides around in facile naturalism, in the belief that truth resides in facsimile. This of course is the reaction by young filmmakers against the tinsel and the need to encode truth that burdened Hollywood for so long. But the prohibitionist's son becomes a drunkard. The facility with which the devices of naturalism are used here, without grounding or really serious aim, is simply the new equivalent of the old tinsel, the new Hollywood (to use the word generically). A lot in this picture, from the doorway byplay of the pimp to that overhead camera crawl, is in essence slothful—intellectual and artistic laziness assuming that stenographic dialogue and arty camera motion will take care of all problems neatly.

As the hero De Niro was not necessary. He is a good and growing actor, as *Godfather II* showed, but there is nothing here that Robert Blake or Jeff Bridges (who are much less) couldn't have handled. Cybill Shepherd is pleasant as the blonde (although Scorsese reveals her well-kept secret—her unfortunate legs). Jodie Foster as the 12-year-old is only minimally effective. Harvey Keitel, her pimp, jingles the loose change of street-corner mimicry. Scorsese himself shows how easy it is by doing the same thing as a jealous husband who rides in De Niro's cab. But even if they were all better—and part of the picture's trouble is that there is no way for them to be much better—*Taxi Driver* would still be no more than the 1976 dark-mirror image of 1936 romance.

Wintergreen for President

Politics in the Movies

I've just seen *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* once again, and once again this 1936 Frank Capra film reminded me that the kinship between American movies and American politics goes a lot deeper than the mere fact that one of the leading presidential contenders was once a movie star. The hero of this political film is a most apolitical guy who has only one political belief: some folks are "just swell" and other folks ain't. The same political philosophy characterizes Mr. Jefferson Smith (whom Frank Capra sent to Washington) and "Long John" Doe (whom Capra launched on a national populist campaign).

For Capra, politics was a matter of the heart, not the brain, of morality, not ideology. Issues and ideas were politically irrelevant; only the swellness of the soul mattered. Capra's evil political figures were inevitably cynical, snobbish or selfish. The swell-hearted hero could convert the cynical ones (they were usually newspaper reporters), for their cynicism was merely protection against all the phonies they had uncovered. Beneath the cynicism they were just swell folks, like the hero himself. The snobbish were more difficult to convert (for the veneers of bankers, lawyers, the rich and the educated were thicker than those of reporters), and the selfish were irretrievably fallen, creatures not simply mistaken but malicious and vicious. Their Golden Rule was to thyself be all, and their goals were only two: power and money. Capra's political comedy became moral allegory, a Manichean battle between God and the Devil in which the strategy of the fable was to determine who would take his or her place in the Legions of the Swell.

The Capra films were not aberrations. The very first feature film made in America, D.W.Griffith's *The Birth of a Nation* (1915), was also our first political film. In this Civil War clash of abolitionists and slaveholders, Griffith depicts his Southern family as a model of

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gentleness, mildness, friendliness, sweetness and light. In contrast, there are two representatives of the abolitionist position. The first is Congressman Stoneman (a parody of Thaddeus Stevens) who supports abolition because 1) he is power hungry, 2) he is trying to please his mulatto mistress, and 3) he is physically vain. He wears a wig to disguise his physical ugliness, which unfortunately reveals itself nonetheless in the grotesque boot which covers his club foot. Like Shakespeare in *Richard III*, Griffith uses physical deformity as an external emblem of internal corruption. The other political villain in the film is a pureblooded descendant of melodrama—the mulatto Silas Lynch. Unlike Stoneman who is complexly in error, Lynch is quite simply selfish, lustful and mean. The possibility that slavery might be an unjust political institution and that those who oppose it might care about eradicating what they consider unjust does not occur to the filmmaker.

Griffith's *Intolerance*, made one year later, reveals the identical pattern. Despite the film's political title, it might just as precisely have been called Inhumanity, Insensitivity or Insincerity. The political act of intolerance in all four historical eras that the film depicts inevitably springs from human selfishness, spite or envy, not from any political philosophy.

John Ford's films, which span the generations of Griffith, Capra and beyond, reveal an identical assumption. His *Stagecoach* (1939), though admired as one of the classic Hollywood westerns, contains far more political-moral allegory than feudin', fussin' and fightin'. Ford shows that the external, social differences between his characters are merely superficial. Though on the surface they represent different classes (rich and poor, genteel and common, educated and not), different backgrounds (East and West), different vocations (doctor, salesman, cowboy, sheriff), and questionable moral worth in the eyes of the world (prostitute, gambler, outlaw, drunk), underneath they are all swell folks. Their internal moral sameness is greater than their external differences—which allows them to stick together and survive.

The only real crook in the film is not "The Kid" (John Wayne), whom society has defined as an outlaw but who gets along very well with the sheriff. It is the banker, whom society has defined as respectable but who has stolen $50,000 from his own bank. The banker is the only character in the film who ventures political opinions about what the government ought to be doing and for whom. (Not surprisingly, he expects that the government ought to do everything for him.)

The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance (1962) is Ford's most explicitly political film. Once again, the politically valuable positions are products of the moral swellness of characters who are opposites on the surface and identical underneath. John Wayne plays the Western "Man of Law," the Man with a Gun who uses it in support of inevitably just causes. James Stewart plays the Eastern "Man of Law," an educated lawyer whose tools are law books, not pistols. The civilizing of the West requires both of them, however, who work in concert against the vicious villain, Liberty Valance—his name, like his life, a burlesque of the notion of freedom. Liberty's liberty is actually license—the undiluted exercise of self. The plot (like the title) of the film revolves about the confusion over exactly which of the two men of law really did shoot Liberty, for in their unified commitment to humane values outside themselves, both men of law demonstrate the true meaning of liberty for John Ford.

Four actors have consistently portrayed the models for virtuous political behavior in American movies since the invention of synchronized sound: Gary Cooper, James Stewart, Henry Fonda and Spencer Tracy. I can't think of a political movie between *Mr. Deeds* and *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner* that didn't use one of them. There are superficial differences among the four. Cooper and Stewart play vaguely conservative figures while Fonda and Tracy play vaguely liberal ones; Cooper and Tracy seem vaguely folksier than Stewart and Fonda, who seem vaguely more educated. But all four are archetypal projections of immensely charismatic human warmth, sincerity, spontaneity, naturalness and niceness. Unlike such stars as Cary Grant, Clark Gable, Herbert Marshall and William Powell, who play and project creatures of brain, intellect, wit and snap, Cooper, Stewart, Fonda and Tracy play and project creatures of the heart.

Even the new spate of "CIA movies" (*Three Days of the Condor, The Killer Elite*) reveals an identical apolitical attitude toward political issues. While these films not surprisingly reduce political questions to ordinary good guy-bad guy melodrama, the underlying political philosophy of Sam Peckinpah's *Killer Elite* is that all politics and ideology is a bloody mess (very bloody—given the fact that it's a Peckinpah movie). Ideology is simply a confusing camouflage (very confusing in this film) for the old self-interests of money-making and power-grabbing. The elite killer-hero ends the film by sailing away (quite literally) from politics, his life, his job and the CIA altogether. Well, Frank Capra's ultimate political solution was also to fly away to a wishful never-never land of utopian dreams called Shangri-La, and D.W.Griffith's ultimate political solution was to stage wishful allegorical pageants about the founding of the New Jerusalem on Earth at the end of both *The Birth of a Nation* and *Intolerance*.

One reason that the Europeans make better political films than we do (or at least more complexly and genuinely ideological films about political issues) is that they do not assume that moral principles and political principles are inseparable. European directors of political films (Costa-Gavras, Bertolucci, Lena Wertmüller) realize that two equally swell (or not so swell) folks might have conflicting political philosophies. It was George Bernard Shaw who observed that if one wanted to dramatize the clash of political *issues* it was a mistake to make one of the combatants a moral or intellectual cripple.

The imperialistic French oppressors of Gillo Pontecorvo's *The Battle of Algiers* are neither venal nor vicious. On the contrary, their spokesman is articulate, intelligent, urbane, far-sighted and fair-minded. His political interests simply conflict with those of the native Algerians, who consequently seek to eliminate his political power by the most effective means. The Marxist heroes of Bernardo Bertolucci's *Before the Revolution* and Marco Bellochio's *China is Near* are dilettantes and bunglers, while the unionizing hero of Mario Monicelli's *The Organizer* is a sensual slob. The imperfections and inconsistencies in their private lives do not negate or determine their acts of public commitment. True, the political villain of Bertolucci's *The Conformist* is a moral and psychological cripple. But he is the film's central figure, and Bertolucci dedicates the entire film to an examination of the complexity of that moral-psychological interconnection in his psyche. He is not simply in pursuit of power and money.

The films of Costa-Gavras are ironic violations of the American-movie equa-

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tion of moral piety and political rectitude. In *State of Siege* (the 1973 film that caused a Washington ruckus when the American Film Institute cancelled the world premiere for its new film theater), Costa-Gavras depicts a warm, sincere, honest, articulate, sensitive and intelligent man who happens to be the movie's political menace. The director works to make this man as emotionally sympathetic as possible: he has a loving wife and children; he has warmth, spontaneity and a sense of both humor and irony; he is played by Yves Montand, who, as a movie presence, is as appealing and charismatic as Tracy or Fonda. There is only one thing wrong with this man: he is a United States agent meddling in the internal affairs of a foreign nation. He is guilty of political atrocities in the eyes of certain citizens of that nation. He, therefore, must be killed—as a political, not a moral, act. And the film is an ironic and gradual process of conversion as the director brings us, a movie audience, to shed our movie values and to accept the conclusion that this agent—despite his attractiveness in typical movie terms—deserves to be killed.

There are European exceptions to this ironic rule. Eisenstein's films, for example, depict his ideological opponents satirically as fools, clowns, animals or cripples (*Strike, October*) or viciously as barbaric, baby-burning "Huns" (*Alexander Nevsky*). But Eisenstein's work was deliberate propaganda. Most European political films distinguish between what a character *is* (morally, psychologically, emotionally) and what he believes and thinks.

When one turns from American movies to American politics, a remarkable correspondence emerges. Perhaps the most common American political cliché is: "I vote for the man, not the party." To believe otherwise is almost un-American. But what does this voting for the man mean? In the political discussions I have heard (and overheard), particularly among those labeled "middle Americans" (who constitute a vast majority of the electorate), it means the candidate who strikes them as most warm, most sincere, most honest. In short, the swellest guy—the candidate who seems most like Gary Cooper, James Stewart, Henry Fonda or Spencer Tracy.

One can object, of course, that almost everyone admits that Gerald Ford is a swell guy, but the polls indicate serious doubts about his stature, intelligence and leadership. Even these doubts, however, are matters of "character" (in an esthetic sense) not of ideology. The difficulty with Ford's political *persona*, his archetypal "swellness," is that unlike Cooper, Stewart, Fonda or Tracy he seems to lack the underlying shrewdness, perspicacity and savvy—the delightful ability to unmask a charlatan or deflate a windbag with one quick folksy sally. (That ability was the primary basis for the success of the Truman archetype.)

The Richard Nixon *persona* might also seem to break the movie-politics connection, but both his success and his demise can be understood in movie terms. The Nixon archetype was "the tough guy in a tough world." This archetype could only "play in Peoria" (and how many times did we hear that *Variety*-style phrase?) as long as it seemed to be supported by an underlying commitment to the moral values and American ideals of unselfishness that united all the swell guys like Cooper and Tracy. The Watergate tapes destroyed that Nixon *persona* entirely, indicating that behind the "tough guy in a tough world" mask lay pettiness, venality, power-hunger and spite—those great evils of the Griffith-Capra-Ford political movies. The public exposure of this private face was a terrible error in dramaturgical terms—a little like catching Babe Bennett in Mr. Deeds' dressing trailer with her clothes off. The cameras never recorded the

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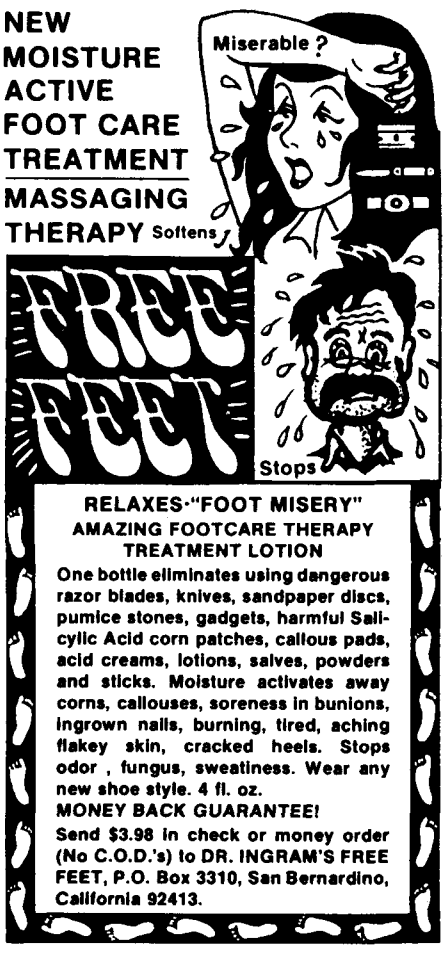
private activities of movie archetypes. Once this private, tape-recorded Nixon had violated the public *persona* of "President Nixon," on which his strength and popularity rested, the result was (to paraphrase a famous *Variety* headline): "Stix Nix Dix Trix."

Perhaps the pervasive creation of these charismatic archetypal *personae* in both American movie politics and real politics is the sign of a very deep American distrust of anything that has to do with ideas rather than sentiments. Or perhaps the political image-makers have watched enough old movies to know that to sell a candidate to an American audience (particularly in the television age when politics itself has become more of a mass entertainment medium than the movies) requires selling his archetype, not his issues and ideas. Has the movie art held the mirror up to American political life? Or does political life (as Jean Genet has developed) really hold the mirror up to art?

Gerald Mast

Gerald Mast is the author of *The Comic Mind: Comedy and the Movies* (Bobbs-Merrill).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Books Considered

Economists at Bay: Why the Experts Will Never Solve Your Problems by Robert Lekachman

(McGraw-Hill; $8.95)

This is a wise and delightful book and by far the best thing that will be written by an economist about economics this year, or probably for the next several. In one sense it is a series of essays on the present state of economists, the politics of unemployment and poverty, the folk tendencies and behavior patterns of economists, the positions of the corporation and the union in economic theory, capped by a final glance at the four economists or economic philosophers who, in their time, had the imagination and merit to break most sharply with tradition. These are Adam Smith, Karl Marx, Thorstein Veblen and J. M. Keynes.

But running through all the chapters is a common thread; that is the preference of economists for conventional and accepted theory, even though it involves them in damaging error. Ideas that illuminate the current reality or conclusions that deal with its problems are a poor second. Lekachman has an eclectic grasp of illustrative material and an uncanny ability to reach beyond economics for the idea that most precisely serves his purpose. He brings to his case a quiet, consistent humor—a kind of persistent needling. In less accomplished writers it would come out as indignation.

At the outset he prepares his reader with a quotation from one of the less frequently cited students of economic science, namely George Meany. Speaking of my distinguished Harvard colleague and the former Secretary of Labor, John Dunlop, Meany once said: "Despite the fact that he is an economist, basically I have great confidence in him." Then Lekachman goes on to consider the achievements of the economics profession on January 11, 1973. It is, indeed, a day worth remembering.

In the preceding months the combination of an expansive fiscal and monetary policy and a selective set of wage and price controls had reduced both unemployment and the rate of inflation to below five percent. Let this be compared with the current accomplishment. On the strength of this success—because the policy was working—the administration economists, led by Secretary of the Treasury George Shultz, then urged and achieved the virtual abandonment of controls. There was an especially damaging phrase to describe the operation; it was "a dash for freedom." The dash was supported by the official and solemn prediction that the rate of increase in the consumer price index would be "reduced to two-and-a-half percent or less by the end of 1973." The worst peacetime inflation in history then followed. It has continued ever since, except as it has been tempered by the worst unemployment since the Great Depression.

Republican economists, it will be said, are not very good. And perhaps it is their business to defend the free market, however great the public punishment. Alas, Lekachman tells, the dash to freedom was endorsed by all three chairmen of the Council of Economic Advisers under the preceding Democratic administrations. Where the market and controls are concerned, error is professional not partisan, intuitive not ideological.

Lekachman's explanation of this misperformance comes in a chapter on what he calls the socialization of economics—and economists. This involves a system of education which emphasizes belief, not reality. It's a theme on which the author is no longer alone—or supported only by the Union of Radical Political Economists. The same case was made in this year's presidential address by Robert A. Gordon before the meetings of the American Economic Association.

The essence of the achievement is the careful drilling of graduate students in the required belief and the careful indication to young faculty members that acceptance helps win promotion. Eventually the reality ceases to obtrude. The success of the socialization is breathtaking. By the time the approved economists reach the age where their advice is sought, they have come to accept the lack of coherence between instruction and reality, promise and result. They have also, Lekachman might have mentioned, divorced themselves from a feeling of responsibility for the consequences of error.

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Those who lifted the controls in 1973 or endorsed the action never felt a moment's guilt over the resulting suffering and disarray. That any reputable economist should be fired for such a mistake is, in the field of economics, unthinkable. It would be an abuse of tenure.

The substantive results of the socialization (noted also in his presidential address by Gordon) is that in economic instruction and resulting faith the modern giant corporation exists but has no power that makes a difference. Unions exist but have an insignificant effect on wage determination. The consumer is not manipulated by advertising or other forms of persuasion. Increases in Gross National Product and National Income are workable indices of welfare. On the latter, Lekachman has some of his most engaging (or, depending on taste, his most horrifying) illustrations. The larger the increase in cigarette consumption the healthier the effect, in economic terms, on total output—Gross National Product. And there will then be a further and rewarding increase from the expenditures occasioned by the resulting lung cancer, heart disease and emphysema. On the income side another million dollars for J. Paul Getty has the same admirable effect on total national income and by rough implication on total well-being as a million distributed to a thousand families in Harlem or the South Bronx. Lekachman agrees that economists have generally been advocates, in principle, of a more egalitarian income distribution. He notes that some economists, Professor Paul Samuelson among others, have been seeking to develop better tests of social welfare. But efforts to improve income distribution have never aroused more than a fraction of the passion that has been devoted to increasing output. That, whether for emphysema or whatever, remains the test of progress. Movement toward a more egalitarian income distribution, and notably in the United States, has for a long time been minimal at best.

Explaining the escape from reality, I've long felt, is the service economic instruction renders to economic power. To suppress the issue of power is greatly to facilitate its exercise. I would have urged more emphasis on this. But I am also impressed by Lekachman's further explanations. Thus on income distribution he holds that lack of economic concern is a reflection, in part, of the economic interest of the affluent. Besides the natural distaste of the rich for progressive, loophole-free taxation, there is the advantage of having poor people to do the dirty work of the community and the household. And by their existence they keep down taxes, service costs and other outlays.

If the corporation is kept out of sight, one can also avoid saying anything disagreeable to its interests. One can even be a consultant or otherwise in its employ. And if one avoids getting involved in income redistribution, one can serve more comfortably on a Rockefeller panel report. All these things are the visible tip of a great incentive system which makes life easier if one is allied, at whatever cost to reality, with the reputable view.

Lekachman might, I think, have given more emphasis to the role of inertia and tradition in perpetuating the accepted as opposed to the real. And economics has also been influenced greatly by the peculiar character of the Keynesian Revolution. This was a revolution led by a conservative, the practical effect of which was to conserve the essential features of market capitalism and its associated income distribution. But, although highly conservative in purpose, the Keynesian remedies were greatly controversial. Those who urged them thus got a reputation for radicalism of which they were themselves deeply persuaded. They have continued so to regard themselves and be so regarded. In fact they are very conservative men, as befits the architects of a conserving change. Their instinct, not surprisingly, is for change neither in economics nor the world it describes.

As will be evident, I think this a greatly superior piece of work. It is not only that it affirms liberal beliefs. It also illuminates and extends them and shows that their expression can be a source of much pleasure.

John Kenneth Galbraith

John Kenneth Galbraith's most recent book is *Money: Whence It Came, Where It Went* (Houghton Mifflin).

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The Concorde Conspiracy by John Costello and Terry Hughes

(Scribners; $12.95)

My principal objection to *The Concorde Conspiracy* is that it doesn't deliver on its title. There was no conspiracy. There was the frenzied competitiveness among savants that Watson described in *The Double Helix*, and the mindless commitment among politicians that Halberstam recorded in *The Best and the Brightest*. There was stupidity, stubbornness, egocentrism, self-delusion, chauvinism, miscalculation and cant. The Concorde fiasco was the product not of villains but of fools. Apart from the broken promise, however, this is a superb piece of reporting.

Written by two British journalists, the book is a zestful mix. The authors skillfully work the political labyrinths of Washington, Paris and London, the assembly lines of Seattle, Bristol and Toulouse, the sales conferences of New York, Tokyo and Teheran. They tell me about as much as I care to know of how an SST works, how diverse national psyches responded to the vision of supersonic flight, how politicians and bookkeepers were victimized by overruns. They write succinctly and with humor and, to their credit, conceal their own biases until the final pages. When they take their stand on the Concorde, they have left the reader with more than enough data to come to his own.

I was particularly fascinated by the authors' explorations of Concorde's origins in the politics of a united Europe. The British reader may find this as old as prop transit, and prefer the account of Congress' defeat of the American SST. But I had been unaware that Prime Minister Harold Macmillan had endorsed the project in the conviction that joining with the French would prove to the skeptical President De Gaulle that Britain was not an American appendage and, therefore, deserved to be admitted to the Common Market. Unfortunately Macmillan neglected to obtain a guarantee. Ten weeks after the Concorde agreement was signed, De Gaulle impassively vetoed Britain's Common Market application.

With Concorde's political premises nullified, the British had to apply pounds-and-shillings scrutiny, and their enthusiasm waned. The economic argument which had initially justified Concorde was that Europe would leapfrog American technology and, by being first with supersonic flight, win back a major share of the international aircraft market. Ironically, both Britain and France abandoned promising subsonic aircraft to concentrate on Concorde, the commerical feasibility of which faded as technical problems grew. Time and again British governments contemplated bailing out but De Gaulle's sense of *grandeur*, and of rivalry with the United States, would not permit it. So, like Vietnam, the commitment intensified, in ratio to the diminishing prospect of success.

In the early 1970s, other factors intruded. The worldwide recession put an end to the soaring growth of international travel. OPEC's sudden price increases made fuel costs a major factor in airline economics, and Concorde used several times as much fuel per passenger mile as conventional jets. The American builders began marketing their new jumbos, which had excellent operating performance. Airlines everywhere bought them up, only to find that most of the seats were going unfilled. Stuck with excess capacity, and losing money, they were scarcely disposed to add Concorde to their inventory.

Laboriously, Concorde's builders have argued—most recently, in the fight for landing rights in the US—that they are not in competition with the American-built jumbos. Their promoters have produced weighty computer print-outs and magnificent flip charts to demonstrate that there exists in the world a class of plutocrats that will pay any premium to get to distant places in half the time. They argue that there is an untapped market of business executives who will go to London for lunch if they can be home for dinner, but will otherwise use the phone.

Pan Am and TWA, which live or die on the North Atlantic routes, don't accept the argument, and have rejected Concorde for themselves. For reasons of domestic politics, British Airways and Air France were forced to buy it and, a few weeks ago, Secretary of Transportation Coleman said they could land it, at least temporarily, at Kennedy and Dulles. Now Pan Am and TWA are seriously worrying about how many first-class fares—often the margin between profit and loss—Concorde is likely to cost them. Thus an unprecedented competition for passengers, of unpredictable magnitude, appears imminent. If Concorde wins, the losers will not only be Pan Am and TWA but Boeing, Douglas and Lockheed, whose sales of jumbos around the world would surely fall precipitously.

So the economic stakes are huge, though curiously the spectre of greed has been almost totally obscured in the current Concorde battle. Quite unintentionally, the environmentalists have carried the campaign in the industry's behalf, and the cause they champion is far more virtuous than profit. Indisputably, they have legitimate concerns over noise, sonic boom, ozone depletion and the rest. But I am cynical enough to wonder whether the low corporate profile does not conceal a cornucopia, which we know has on many occasions been within reach of anyone willing to serve the American airline industry's interests. I would be surprised indeed if its fruits have not been made available in some manner to Concorde's foes.

This is one of the few questions that the authors have not explored, though they argue convincingly against reducing the issue to good guys (who care about the environment) versus bad (who care about recapturing an investment). The economies of three countries, at least, will be seriously affected by what happens to Concorde, and so will the future of their three governments, separately and in relation to one another. Only Washington can effectively rescue Paris and London from their Concorde folly, though Washington may not be enough. Politics is thus where the matter began, and politics is surely where it will end.

Milton Viorst

Milton Viorst is a free-lance writer on politics living in Washington.

Monsieur Proust by Céleste Albaret

(McGraw-Hill; $12.50)

"It is 60 years now since I saw him for the first time, but it is as if it were yesterday. He often said to me: 'When I'm dead you'll always think of little Marcel, for you'll never find another like him.' And now I see he was right—as he

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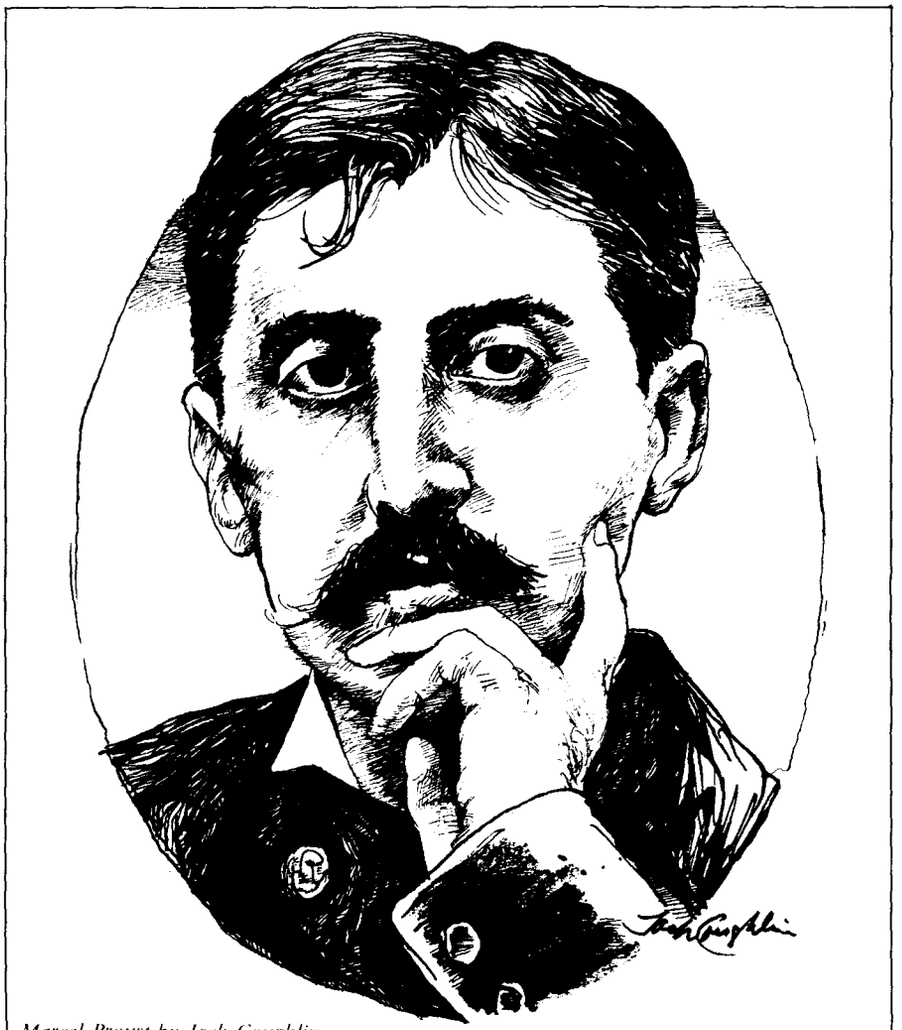

Marcel Proust by Jack Coughlin

always was." It was 1913 when Céleste Albaret first saw Marcel Proust. She was 21, newly married to Odilon Albaret the cab driver whose taxi was always at the service of Proust. He had brought her to Paris straight from her isolated village and she was suffering from acute homesickness. "Little Marcel" at the time was in his early 40s and *Swann's Way* was just coming out in print.

Step by step Céleste was initiated into the complicated and strict rituals that presided over every aspect of Proust's daily life until, some 18 months later, she moved into his apartment. For the next eight years, until his death, she lived only for him, in the "upside down" world in which "morning" came at four in the afternoon with the breakfast ceremonial: a first cup of *café au lait* and a croissant from a special bakery served on a special saucer to be delivered to his room in complete silence; a second cup with a second croissant was kept in readiness; it was almost never called for: coffee and croissant had ritually, then, to be thrown away. This was one only of the many quasi-religious regulations that governed the life of Proust's servants, and which Céleste respectfully recalls.

Céleste has always been a somewhat legendary character in the annals of Proustian biography. Proust gave her a mythical dimension by enshrining her in his work. But certainly nothing in the novel is as strange nor, in a way, as fascinating as her re-creation of the master who acquired in her eyes an almost divine status. Proust's handkerchiefs, Proust's boots, every item of Proust's clothing; how he washed; what he ate or rather did not eat, for he seems to have lived for years on that morning *café au lait*; how he wrapped the copies of the books he sent to friends—nothing is trivial in the eyes of Céleste, nor was it, seemingly, in those of Proust. Proust's meticulous courtesy in his relations with the people who served him; his kindness and yet the implacable discipline which he imposed upon them were fused in the shared cult of his book: *"the* book," Céleste calls it, and so it has remained for her.

As a portrait of Proust and a testimony to the impact his personal idiosyncracies and nocturnal work habits had upon the imagination of the small circle of his servants, *Monsieur Proust* is a unique document. It illustrates, and in no way attempts to explain, the strangeness, the singleness of purpose and will of the man. It is moving; it is often unwittingly funny—Céleste's description of André Gide's famous visit to Proust to apologize for his mistake in rejecting the manuscript of *Swann's Way* is one among many such anecdotes; the carefully described complexities of the mechanisms whereby Proust managed to elude the unwanted visits of friends or prepared his own "sorties" are another example of indirect humor. The rationalized semi-madness of it all is somehow underscored by the matter-of-fact way in which Céleste unquestioningly accepts her role in Proust's improbable way of life. No neophyte could be more convinced than she, 50 years later, that no other life could have been "more beautiful." But what exactly are we reading when we peruse *Monsieur Proust*? It is most certainly a new kind of book.

Fifty years after Proust's death, Céleste at 82 dictated her memories of Proust; Georges Belmont recorded them. The 75 interviews were spread over five months. They were then "organized. . .into subjects and chapters" by Belmont and, as a note states, verified through scholarly research. Belmont informs us that he also edited them to assure the passage from the spoken to the written text. There are several things the reader would like to know. What questions were asked? What was deleted? A considerable amount, surely, given those 75 interviews. What modifications took place in the editing? Belmont gives no answers. Reminiscences, in themselves, always raise the question of the interplay of truth and fiction. For 50 years, Céleste, Belmont informs us, refused to dictate or to write her memoirs. But during that time she was interviewed by several biographers. She often spoke of Proust and seems to have read some of the many books of memoirs written by acquaintances of Proust whom, as go-between, she had met in the course of 10 years of service. It was to defend the memory of Proust, both she and her interviewer state, that she consented to the interviews. Proust, she felt, was being betrayed by commentators. What Proust is it who lives on in her memory after half a century; and what happened during the five months during which she sought to recapture

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the past?

One has little trouble in imagining the impact upon the village girl of Proust's personality; and of her increasingly isolated life at 102 boulevard Haussmann during the war years in a *tête à tête* with a man who set the horizon of her life. He would entertain her in the middle of the night by his re-creations of the intricacies of a mundane gathering or his unraveling of the network of liaisons and social intrigues in which the personalities she glimpsed and sometimes came to know were caught. That those years left an indelible imprint upon her is not surprising; nor that the axis of her evocation is her own relationship to Proust. It clearly dominated her whole life and was a singular adventure of awesome proportions. She was in fact initiated at 20 into a world beyond the reaches of her imagining; a world in which Proust plays the role of "magician" and "grand *seigneur*," a kind of Prospero and saint. She can still hear his voice and feels that in some way he still protects her. "Her" Proust has continued to live and to evolve in her memory. The process of idealization is clearly perceptible and testifies to her deep loyalty to and cult of the man, justifying her own enshrinement as his single trustworthy interlocutor and witness: she harbors no misgiving as to the reliability of her memory, and she dictates verbatim dialogues supposedly held more than half a century ago re-creating the situations and roles along with the words. Belmont speaks of her "candor." And he is right; so one wishes he had not tampered with the flow of her associations, for it would have given us a better key to the semi-real, semi-legendary hero of Céleste's creation. Most touching is Céleste's firm refusal to accept Proust's homosexual liaisons, detrimental to the image she now has of him, even of the well-documented role Odilon Albaret's predecessor, Agostinelli, played in Proust's life. True, by the time Céleste was integrated into Proust's household, Agostinelli was dead and Proust's life was absorbed in his colossal undertaking. But Céleste's blindness in this instance alerts us to others, particularly where Céleste's interpretations of Proust's work and "models" are concerned. Proust did not confide all his secrets to Céleste. Nor is she a reliable guide to his work. There is another problem: Céleste at 82 "records" conversations with Proust held over 50 years ago. The interviewer, Belmont, then edits and organizes them. The uninterrupted first-person narrative is then a fiction and something of a mystification. Who speaks the script? And what is left of Céleste's own language that so intrigued Proust? The testimony is doubly distorted. The only actually authentic texts in the book are the half-dozen letters at the end.

Yet the book does succeed in conveying something of the fabulous quality of an existence literally held in thrall by Proust. It is rich in concrete, and, one feels, authentic details that give an unprecedented and entertaining picture of Proust's daily life behind the barriers he meticulously erected between himself and the society from which he had drawn the materials, if not the substance, of his book, and which he no longer needed. Having disposed of it, he had regulated his own life uniquely to fit the writer's needs. It is that Proust into whose presence Céleste, assisted by Belmont, introduces us—a unique feat for which we can be grateful.

Germaine Brée

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Byron and the Honourable Augusta Leigh by John S. Chapman

(Yale University Press; $10)

A Most Extraordinary Pair: Mary Wollstonecraft & William Godwin by Jean Detre

(Doubleday; $8.95)

"It was like feasting," Oscar Wilde declared, "with panthers." And he went on, analyzing his homosexual escapades, to call "the danger . . . half the excitement." In an age that has semantically reduced homosexuality to gaiety, it may be difficult to imagine Wilde's danger. But its measure may be taken by the fact that male homosexuality (the female variety was thought picturesque, if not benign) was regarded as a most heinous crime in England up through the mid-20th century, whereas incest, though definitely frowned upon and subject to punishment—often merely in the form of a fine—by the ecclesiastical courts, was not proscribed by English criminal law until 1908. Looking at Lord Byron, then, from the perspective of social history, one would suppose that the question of his homosexuality would weigh more heavily with the intellectuals and flare more vividly for the public than the question of his committing incest with his half-sister, Augusta Leigh.

Just the reverse has been true. And with the question of incest the passions that underlie all critical enterprises seem to have broken through the usual façade of decorous impartiality. Perhaps this is a factor of the biographical situation, for critics may grow possessive toward poems, but biographers grow possessive toward persons, the former claiming insight, but the latter truth.

John Chapman's study of *Byron and the Honourable Augusta Leigh* inevitably operates in this possessive arena, and it is as cool and patient and painstaking as one could hope for, given that it seeks to remove, or at least suspend the label of guilty that Byron has been made to bear for the last few decades. There is no doubt that the proponents of the incest theory have gone too far, presuming for example that Donna Julia is Augusta Leigh and *Don Juan* instituted by incest, or arguing that it was Byron's hereditary doom to commit incest since his father may well have done so. Sometimes one wonders if knowing a great deal *about* a person does not becloud knowledge of the person proper, but Byron can speak prophetically for himself: "it would not be fair/from sire to son to augur good or ill."

But if Byron's accusers go too far, does his new champion symmetrically go too far, or even come too late? Chapman has been certainly unstinting in his research, and though he is not a professional scholar or Byronist he has outstripped the pros in many areas. His portrayal of Augusta's husband, George Leigh, is largely original, and cogent; his explanation of Byron's defying the best advice and identifying himself as author of the incendiary "Lines to a Lady Weeping," with its castigation of the Prince Regent is well beyond anything offered heretofore in substance and point. In both cases definite damage is done to the incest theory. Not all of Chapman's argument is so striking or

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solid, but he does raise legitimate questions about the mentality and strict truthfulness of the two ladies who fanned the early fires of the incest rumor, Byron's righteousness-ridden wife Annabella Milbanke, and his forsaken paramour, Caro Lamb. Annabella, as Byron himself pointedly observed, "sometimes mix'd up fancies with realities," and inspired pity or bafflement rather than guilt in Augusta while trying to force a "confession" from her; Caro defined truth as "what one thinks at the moment." Chapman is the first commentator to combine intimately what Byron was going through—the logic of character and emotion—with what was supposedly happening—the chronology of events—at the critical period of his and Augusta's lives. Chapman's combination of social history, psychological inference and biological sleuthing at this point has a distinct appeal, and opens the imagination to various piquant possibilities: royal carryings-on, mysterious passions and ladies and threats of duels and death.

So far, so good. After this, by the very nature of the evidence, Chapman is forbidden to go far enough, while being tempted to go too far. He suggests, to take up excess first, that Caro Lamb may have tampered with some of Byron's missives to Lady Melbourne, introducing incriminating language into them as by temperament and talent she *might* have done—she could forge Byron's hand infallibly. But this is a Hellerish catch—actual evidence of forgery would weaken the charge against Caro, and support for the charge would be identical with absence of evidence. Chapman might have ventured into the niceties of literary analysis here, and asked whether the language necessitates, or rather allows, or is only susceptible of a decision for incest. Byron did reveal to Lady Melbourne that Augusta "wished me much to marry—because it was the only chance of redemption for *two* persons—and was sure if *I* did not that I should only step from one scrape into another." What here makes us treat Augusta as one of the two? Is it more than a *partipris*? And again, what prevents us from looking for a woman who faced some grave danger with and through Byron, as Augusta seems not to have done? Augusta seems to be trying to succor and protect him, in a manner more maternal than amorous; perhaps she was a kinder, surrogate mother for Byron, and he a chance for her to be the efficacious mother she had neither found nor been in her own immediate family.

With Chapman's pointing to an as yet unknown amour, one finds that not only Byron's letters but even his poetry takes on added dimensions and resonances. *Childe Harold III*, written just after his scandal-haunted departure from England in 1816, makes more sense if we see two bursts *and two types* of nostalgic sentiment in stanzas 53 and 55, one stressing kindness and the other intimating uniqueness and danger. Is it possible that Byron, rather than betraying Augusta Leigh here, is concealing someone behind her?

It is in bringing that possible "someone" into focus that Chapman, admirably informed and alert and diligent as he is, has poignantly come up short. And in the nature of human disputation, Byron's exoneration will not be considered likely until and unless the precise event and the precise person with whom in 1813-14 he shared an involvement with all the fierce and agitated exorbitancy that we associate with incest can be signalized. Meanwhile Chapman's *Byron and the Honourable Augusta Leigh* (thoughtfully supplied with a "Byronic calendar" and a "who was who" of important persons) has opened up a number of pungent trails that may well prove irresistible to the hounds of biography, and students of Byron no less than those of forensic biography stand to gain significantly from the best strengths of his work.

A Most Extraordinary Pair: Mary Wollstonecraft & William Godwin, by Jean Detre, is not intended as forensic biography, but it might have been more effective in that guise. The work is part social biography, part novelistic re-creation of Mary Wollstonecraft's last 13 months alive—the Godwin period. But the "novel" takes sweep and generality from the "biography," the "biography" passion and singularity from the "novel." The pair in question prove more unconventional than extraordinary, and Detre's real interest lies in Mary Wollstonecraft as a prototypal romantic feminist. The book uses the letters she exchanged with Godwin as a frame for embroidering her inner experience and imagination of men, and women, society, art, commerce, individual aspiration, frustration, comedy and annihilating loneliness and grief.

It is knowledgeably, cleverly, evocatively done. But it hardly seems intensely done. Detre is decorous, even cautious, where she might have been tendentious, polemical. Perhaps this will seem like a deft capture of Mary Wollstonecraft's temper, as witness her note to Godwin: "When I press any thing it is always with the true wifeish submission to your judgment and inclination." But much of the interest of the book, as Detre early on ordains it, derives from the intolerable gap between inner resources and outward resources, inner being and public image or demand. One does not get a clear enough sense of the force of passion, or the force of accident, or intellect, in Mary Wollstonecraft's existence. Although she is made to speak for herself, one does not get a cogent enough sense of her condition, her constitution, her construction of herself and her world. She had an original sensibility, an independent mind, a courageous spirit—we all too readily forget that she wrote not only for women, but also for the *Rights of Men*. She had in addition a streak of wilfulness, and misfortune. The tribulation comes out more strongly in Detre's recreation than the capabilities, with the odd effect in a more or less feminist work of showing Mary Wollstonecraft as given to passive intuition and leaving strenuous thought to Godwin.

Detre has her subject speak of "writing, writing, *writing* for independence," and then again of writing for money. Perhaps the two are identical. If not, then perhaps the book is affected by a false identification, and the practicality of the moment crowds out something less conspicuous but far more important, the continuity of passion and personality and vision that draws us to Mary Wollstonecraft, as to Lord Byron, in an unceasing effort to see clearly and know truly the powers and embranglements of their lives.

Michael G. Cooke

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Act of Vengeance: The Yablonski Murders And Their Solution by Trevor Armbrister

(Saturday Review Press; $10.95)

If you're going to read *Act of Vengeance*, you probably should start early in the morning on a day when you have no other obligations, because there is a good chance that you will find it difficult to put this book down.

Trevor Armbrister could have coasted in writing a book on such an "easy" subject—the 1969 murders of United Mine Workers official Joseph "Jock" Yablonski, his wife and daughter three weeks after an election in which Yablonski dared to challenge former UMWA president W.A. "Tony" Boyle. The New Year's Eve murders of three people in their beds, and the solution of the crime leading to the conviction of Boyle himself, make such a naturally dramatic story that a rehashing of court records and press clippings plus quotes from a few interviews would have been enough to produce a creditable book (as Stuart Brown showed with his recently published *A Man Named Tony*).

But Armbrister went the extra journalistic mile to make *Act of Vengeance* a rare gem of reporting. During five years of research and writing, he interviewed over 300 figures in the case, including the murderers themselves. His dedicated research allowed him to write an account exceptionally rich in detail—not merely the detail of what so-and-so ate for breakfast or what kind of car he drove, but also the detail of what motivated and guided each participant as he faced the next development and the next decision.

With a fine sense of rhythm and timing, Armbrister weaves back and forth in scenes; from the Yablonskis to the Boyle forces to the hit men and back again, later including the FBI investigators and the prosecutors. Sometimes he lingers on a scene for several pages; at other times, only for a few paragraphs. The style is well-suited to his material, as it helps to emphasize the inner logic of the separate worlds of the various protagonists, each following his own instincts and interests, most to tragedy, a few (such as the prosecutors) to success. The style of shifting between separate but interwoven story threads also helps show off the most revealing details Armbrister has gathered, with most of the scenes ending with a particularly poignant quote or significant insight or discovery by one of the characters. Because he has so many such quotes and incidents to choose from, Armbrister is able to maintain a dramatic pace with few lapses into sensationalism or distortion (two faults which, along with uneven writing, aid the downfall of another new book on the murders, Arthur H. Lewis' *Murder By Contract*).

The first key thread of *Act of Vengeance*, of course, is Yablonski's decision to run against Boyle and his subsequent campaign for the UMWA presidency. Through extensive interviews with Yablonski's sons, Ken and Chip, and with other family members and friends, Armbrister tries to answer some of the obvious questions often asked about Yablonski: Why after so many years of publicly enthusiastic support for Boyle did he become the first UMWA district or International union official in 40 years to challenge the hierarchy? Was he really a union reformer and insurgent, or was he just, as George Meany charged, "one of the boys in the kitchen (who) is trying to move into the living room?"

Whatever Yablonski's motives, the Boyle forces saw his candidacy as treason, pure and simple, and from beginning to end they viewed as legitimate any means necessary to stop him. The most chilling scenes in the book focus on the atmosphere within the Boyle camp. Four days after Yablonski's declaration of candidacy, Albert Pass, a member of the UMWA International Executive Board, spoke at a board meeting, which included Yablonski:

> *President Boyle, we are not gonna leave you and the other officers sitting out in that field and these damn fellas behind the bushes shooting at you out there by yourself. By God, we will run them out from behind those bushes. When those renegades come down to our district, we'll beat 'em out of the bushes.*

It was after that meeting that Boyle gave Pass the order to have Yablonski killed. A secret fund was set up with union money, and gunmen were hired through a chain that included a UMWA district field representative, a local union president, his daughter and son-in-law, and two small-time burglars. It is a frightening lesson of *Act of Vengeance* that, whenever there are men in power who are willing to use violence to protect their position, there will always be "little people" who can be bribed, threatened or tricked into doing the dirty work. An important part of the book focuses on the hard-drinking, women-chasing lifestyle of the hit men, and on why they joined and then stuck with the murder plot. Paul Gilly, for example, the leader of the three triggermen, went along with a request for help in the scheme from his wife because he though that by doing an important favor for her he might save their dying marriage. Claude Vealey, a burglar who agreed to participate for the money, later wanted to pull out, but was afraid that if he did the mysterious "Tony" who wanted Yablonski killed might have him knocked off too.

There are many who believe that the murders would never have been carried out if the federal government had responded to pleas from Yablonski and his lawyer, Joseph Rauh, to investigate the Boyle camp's misuse of funds and acts of intimidation during the election campaign, and Armbrister's account strongly supports that belief. The bureaucrats in the Labor and Justice Departments, who clearly had the power to step in and monitor the election, found every conceivable rationale for not getting involved, exhibiting the general tendency among most government officials to side with those in power and to suspect activist groups. Yablonski had been assaulted with a karate chop which just missed paralyzing him at a campaign meeting in Illinois, yet the Justice Department never followed up on a high-level promise to investigate. The Labor Department chose to ignore clear evidence of Boyle's violations of federal law during the campaign, saying the department preferred to wait until the votes had been counted to see if any wrongdoing had occurred.

Only when it was too late—when three people lay dead—did the government begin to do its job. Some of the most fascinating passages of Armbrister's story describe the inner workings of the investigation by the FBI and state police which led to the swift arrest of the killers, and the relentless prosecution headed by Richard Sprague which stubbornly won convictions right

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up the chain of command to Boyle himself. There are many classic law enforcement images such as FBI agents diving in the 22-degree water of the Monongahela River in early January, looking for and finding the murder weapons. Paint scraped on posts by the road near the Yablonski home matches paint on the getaway car. FBI agents locate a color photo snapped by a stranger showing Paul Gilly buying one of the murder weapons in Tennessee. Sprague, the special prosecutor from Philadelphia, uses his presence, his voice and his expertise to wear down conspirators until they confess, to catch Boyle and other hostile witnesses in lies on the stand, and to hammer home evil images of the defendants to the juries.

The story of the Yablonski murders and their solution has as happy an ending as such a tragic tale could have. As Armbrister notes in his too-brief epilogue, the movement Yablonski led continued after his death, later captured the UMWA's top offices, and has instituted many of the reforms rank-and-file miners wanted in the areas of union democracy, job safety and health, organizing and contract benefits.

But the themes of *Act of Vengeance* are not all past history. The battle for reform still rages within the union. The use of violence to discourage those in the coal industry who rock the boat also continues. A UMWA safety inspector sent last November to western Kentucky to investigate a sudden rise in mine deaths received repeated anonymous phone threats and then was severely beaten in his hotel room by three unidentified assailants. The Justice Department promised UMWA officials that the FBI would investigate, but then failed for several months to do so, showing that the lessons in *Act of Vengeance* about government attitudes toward protection of union members' rights are still timely.

The themes of *Act of Vengeance* will get further public exposure if the book is made into a movie, as is now contemplated under an option taken by producers for CBS. The subject matter is obviously ideal for a movie, and the script writers will have a head start because of Armbrister's cinematic style. But one need not wait for the movie. The book is quite gripping and thought-provoking as it stands.

Matt Witt

Matt Witt is editor of the *United Mine Workers Journal*.

Reconsideration

In Parenthesis by David Jones

(Viking; $2.95, paper)

An epic about World War I, written in a poetic prose that is full of allusions to Malory, medieval Welsh poetry and the Catholic liturgy—it doesn't sound very enticing or very urgently related to contemporary problems, does it? Of course, other works whose description sounds equally unpromising—Bloom's day in Dublin in June, 1904, and a phantasmagoria in a waste land that is also a city—have been found by several generations of readers to be deeply relevant and inexhaustibly fascinating. *The Waste Land* and *Ulysses* are, in other respects, the closest analogues to *In Parenthesis*: all three are modern equivalents of the epic, innovative and uncompromising in form, using myth and allusion as basic techniques. Why, then, is *In Parenthesis* so much less known than the other two? Part, at least, of the answer has to do with time and the times.

In Parenthesis is curiously unrelated to ordinary time and to considerations of timeliness; it seems to exist in a different stream or dimension. David Jones (1895-1974) was at first a painter and engraver rather than a writer. Beginning this first book some 10 years after the war, he took another 10 years writing it. Its appearance in 1937 had no discernible relation to the coming of World War II: it was neither a minatory reminder of the horrors of war nor a justification of its necessity. Though its stature was recognized immediately by a few critics, a reprint was not called for until 1953, after Jones had published his second major work, *The Anathémata* (which was even more difficult and less timely). *In Parenthesis* finally appeared in paperback, with an introduction by Eliot (who had sponsored its original publication), in 1963. As Eliot said, the book was the third major example of the "mythical method" practiced by Joyce and himself, and Jones was a younger member of the same literary generation. But *In Parenthesis*, appearing so much later than *The Waste Land*, had to contend with the trend of reaction against the pioneering modernist works as well as with the preoccupation of the times with social significance. It may be suspected that those readers who found the modernist technique congenial were often repelled by the content of the allusions and myths—Catholic, Welsh and Arthurian—and vice versa; and perhaps that those interested in the literal subject—the Great War—were repelled by both technique and allusions. (The considerable popularity of such writers as C.S. Lewis, Charles Williams and J.R.R. Tolkien, whose subject matter is similar to Jones' in some respects, probably depends upon the fact that they are conventional and undemanding in matters of form.) But such speculations are irrelevant. Jones was clearly aware that readers might find his work difficult, and tried to help by providing a long preface and elaborate notes and by writing several prose essays which explain his esthetic. But he seems to have been completely without anxiety about questions of timeliness or relations to readers. *In Parenthesis* rides time, like riding a river (to steal a phrase from Hopkins); or, to shift the figure, it is there, like a mountain, whenever readers are ready for it. It can wait, and it will remain.

Of the form of *In Parenthesis*, Jones says: "I have only tried to make a shape in words, using as data the complex of sights, sounds, fears, hopes, apprehensions, smells, things exterior and interior, the landscape and paraphernalia of that singular time and of those particular men." His fellow soldiers, he says, were mostly Londoners with an admixture of Welshmen, "so that the mind and folk-life of those two differing racial groups are an essential ingredient to my theme." Further justifying his mythical and allusive method, he says that the war landscape was a wasteland, a place of enchantment "best described in Malory" in which one lived with a consciousness of the past and every man's speech and habit of mind "were a perpetual showing."

In Parenthesis varies in medium from straightforward prose to prose that is highly elliptical, condensed, dislocated and discontinuous to verse with a rhythm that is sometimes very strong (often liturgical or incantatory) but without rhyme or any regular pattern. The story is basically that of Private John Ball and his company, from training in England in December 1915 to participation in the Somme offensive in July 1916. But though Ball is usually present as protagonist-spectator, the

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poem expresses not his thoughts alone but, most of the time, a kind of collective consciousness; and hence many different forms and levels are necessary. All the details of speech and everything else are vivid, precise and evocative; but literal realism is immediately transcended. The poem begins with the Sergeant calling a man named Wyatt and saying, "Pick 'em up, pick 'em up—I'll stalk within yer chamber." The real Sergeant would hardly have known "They flee from me that sometime did me seek," but the allusion is funnier and more poignant than what he would actually have said. As Jones points out in his preface, his Cockneys and Welshmen in their speech had a gift for wit and natural poetry, and a heightening of these qualities produces the texture of the poem.

Part IV, "King Pellam's Launde," seems to me especially effective as a picture of an "ordinary" day in the trenches. Ball, acting as sentry, looks across at the unreachable wood: "To groves always men come both to their joys and their undoing. Come light-footed in heart's ease and school-free; walk on a leafy holiday with kindred and kind; come perplexedly with first loves . . . Come on night's fall for ambuscade./ Find harbour with a remnant./ Share with the prescribed their unleavened cake./ Come for sweet princes by malignant interests deprived . . ./ or run want-wit in a shirt for the queen's unreason./ Beat boys-bush for Robin and Bobin./ Come with Merlin in his madness . . . / Keep date with the genius of the place—come with a weapon or effectual branch—and here this winter copse might well be special to Diana's Jack . . ." (This passage, with its texture of allusions ranging from King Alfred and Robin Hood through Malory to the *Golden Bough*, prepares the way for the final scene of John Ball's wounding in the wood.) Space does not permit the quotation of enough passages to begin to illustrate the variety of effects Jones can produce, but one more sample must be given. This is from the conversation of Ball and his two closest friends on the night before the attack:

> *They talked of ordinary things. Of each one's friends at home; those friends unknown to either of the other two. Of the possible duration of the war. Of how they would meet and in what good places afterwards. Of the diverse virtues of Regular and Temporary Officers. Of if you'd ever read the books of Mr. Wells . . . Of the hateful discomfort of having no greatcoats with fighting-order, of how bad this was. Of how everybody ought rightly to have Burberry's, like officers. Of how German knee boots were more proper to trench war than puttees . . . Of whether the French nation was nice or nasty. Of whether anyone would ever get leave and what it would be like if you did. Of how stripes, stars, chevrons, specialisations, jobs away from the battalion, and all distinguishing marks were better resisted for as long as possible. Of how it were best to take no particular notice, to let the stuff go over you, how it were wise to lie doggo and to wait the end.*

This passage is deliberately low-keyed to contrast with the coming drama of the final section; but its authenticity as distillation of such talk and its perfection of tone—respecting the dignity of the speakers while full of humor and pathos—are beyond praise. The concluding section, "The Five Unmistakable Marks," is the drama toward which the whole poem has pointed. John Ball, afraid at first and hoping until the last minute that he won't have to go through with it, takes part bravely in the attack and reaches the cover of the wood. "Jerry's through on the flank . . . and: Beat it!—/ that's what that one said as he ran past:/ Bosches back in Strip Trench—it's a/ monumental bollocks every time/ and but we avoid wisely there is but death." When Ball is wounded he leaves his rifle, as Roland did his sword, and imagines the Queen of the Woods giving "bright boughs of various flowering" to casualties of both sides: "Lie still under the oak/ next to the Jerry . . . " The final sentence draws a deliberate parallel with the *Chanson de Roland* and with the medieval Welsh *Y Gododdin*, whose author, the bard Aneiron, was the sole Welsh survivor of the battle at Catraeth described in it: "The geste says this and the man who was on the field . . . and who wrote the book . . . the man who does not know this has not understood anything."

No one in his senses would argue that *In Parenthesis* is a book for all moods and all seasons. But it is there, beyond time, when one is ready for it. I was not ready until 30 years after its first publication. I read it first in 1966, in Vienna, drawn to it not by the odd coincidence that I was born at about the time of the poem's main action nor by any mystic resonance between its Celtic strain and my part-Celtic ancestry but by Auden's often-professed admiration for Jones. One reading convinced me, and I have been

"I knew before he said it, the sentence would be death."
—James V. Giles

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digesting it, and Jones' other works, ever since.

Critics have praised *In Parenthesis* as a true modern epic, dealing with a complete and significant action rather than with passive suffering. In contrast to the powerful but somewhat obvious irony of Wilfred Owen, for example ("What passing bells for these who die as cattle?"), Jones sees the slaughter not as senseless but in Christian terms of ritual sacrifice; while Owen's allusions are ironic ("Arms and the Boy"; "Dulce et Decorum Est"), Jones uses the "mythical method" so as to assimilate the experience of this war into that of all wars. In his fine recent book, *The Great War and Modern Memory*, Paul Fussell argues that *In Parenthesis* is an "honorable failure" for just this reason, that it does not see the war as something new, unique and discontinuous with the past. But Jones's sense of the horror and suffering and absurdity of the war is no less powerful because it takes in other wars as well, nor are his soldiers the less victims because they have many parallels, human and divine ("O Saving Victim"). Hence I should argue that *In Parenthesis* is the most profound and significant rendering in art of an experience (and here I agree completely with Fussell) that has been formative for the modern memory and imagination. One final note: I am afraid I may have made the poem sound too remote and formidable. It is informed by a warm and generous humanity, and by a kind of sweetness (what a strange thing to say of a war poem!) that accepts the whole experience and depicts it without bitterness.

Monroe K. Spears

Monroe K. Spears is Libbie Shearn Moody Professor of English at Rice University.

The Back of the Book

Plato Dies

> *Policeman:* (into mike) I am addressing the boy in the planetarium. I am speaking to the boy inside.
> *Rebel Without a Cause*

Jokes about Sal Mineo were all the same: I understand they're making a movie of *King Lear* with Sal Mineo as Kent. The joke was a kid from the Bronx whose father manufactured caskets, and whose mother sent him to dancing school to keep him off the streets so that he could eventually become an actor and play a kid from the Bronx. He made B movies such as *Crime in the Streets* and *Rock Pretty Baby*, and never captured an earth angel's heart. Once, though, in *Rebel Without a Cause*, he died very well.

Teenagers in the East in the '50s watched movies about teenagers in the West with condescension and envy. Hollywood kids talked so badly, dressed all wrong, their faces were too pretty. Yet they seemed to rule the world out there. Towns collapsed before them in *The Wild One*; beaches emptied for their movin' and groovin'; and they rode those incredible motorcycles indoors. We didn't have their space; only *Blackboard Jungle* was recognizable in the East though it was basically a western. *Rebel Without a Cause* was no less a shoot-out, but it dealt seriously with isolations. The year was 1955. Dulles had not yet suffered his agonizing reappraisals.

There was a lot wrong and false with *Rebel Without a Cause*, but the casting had a kind of genius. James Dean was already America's Kid Rebel before playing Jim Stark of the movie. He had to fight his own type-casting to be interesting, and sensing this gave an apologia performance, tied like Ulysses to his own clichés. Natalie Wood had been a child actress until this movie. She too had an image to shuck: of a blank-faced girl about to become beautiful who buys plastic-framed snapshots of Natalie Wood in the five-and-dime and goes for rides with boys. The inspired decision was Jim Backus as Dean's father. Like Dean and Wood, the bumbling judge of "I Married Joan" and the voice of Mr. Magoo had to survive his own prior identification. His sense of embarrassed effort which both resisted and deepened his reputation gave him a brilliant confidence in his shakiness. Even Dean's imitation of Mr. Magoo in the movie couldn't touch Backus, which is probably why the director kept it in.

Plato must have been the easiest to cast. The script called for "Plato: son of a divided family . . . he feels himself the target of desertion. At 15 he wants to find a substitute family for himself." A cliché again, but that was Mineo, though Plato was not quite the kid from the Bronx because he wore suits and shot puppies. Behind his private craziness, however, were treacheries familiar East and West. "What does he know about man alone?" said Plato of the planetarium lecturer in the movie, and speaking for teenage America.

They looked like hoods, these kids, but were rich and protected, radicals without politics. They were not the hoods one knew in New York, on a general prowl for money, who would take your bike without background music, or wrap a garrison belt around their fists, threaten to cut you open and mean it. The kids in *Rebel* were as scared as the rest of us, and weighed themselves down in grease and leather as if to revenge themselves on their own cowardice. And they had a planet to themselves, where every punk was a swaggerer, every sentence a punch line. Naturally they were ridiculous—a dark paradise for Allan Freed where dream lovers only got wracked up by trains, distributed roses and Baby Ruths, or withstood the "yakety-yak" of parents. Real teenagers beheld that world with laughs and bewilderment, but were content with the lie nevertheless. Someone, after all, was taking that stuff seriously, actually believing that American teenagers were of a single mind, set on devouring Cleveland.

Cowardice, a big problem in that dreamed-up world, was the theme of *Rebel*. Backus was the coward who would not tell his son to fight or not to fight. Dean could turn murderous when called a coward; the word that triggered his deepest feelings was "chicken." He won a "chickie run" against his tormentor, the school gang leader. The two of them in stolen cars raced toward a cliff to see who would bail out first. It was Dean, but the "winner" caught his sleeve on the door handle and went over with his car. Then Dean and Wood had

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to run from the others who wanted to stop them from telling about the accident. They hid in a deserted mansion. When Mineo, a coward from himself, came to the mansion, Dean answered his call with "There's nobody here but us chickens."

The house they hid in was the abandoned Getty villa where Gloria Swanson made her last stand in *Sunset Boulevard*. Among the sunken gardens, stone balustrades and great dry fountains the three teenagers played grown-up, Dean and Wood as Mom and Dad to Plato. Plato was also their guide through the mansion, which became through their charades a brave new world. Once more these people met a cliché head on, and won. The world of their parents was cowardly, but real; Dean had to learn to love the coward in his father, or love nothing at all; to acknowledge weakness was strength; nobody was anywhere but chickens.

So common an awareness was not much to hang a life on, but it seemed so 21 years ago. Awkward as this movie was, it dealt with some truths. Parents *had* grown fearful of their children, who despised them for it. There might not be a teenage world at the time, but convincing oneself that there was one created a world in the works, one that would run *Wild in the Streets* in the '60s because too many grown-ups let it alone, let themselves alone, and seemed to wish desperately for their own fable of destruction. They envied their own children who merely sought to grow up, but were surrounded by people who refused to show them what being grown-up meant for fear of imposing on a life that no one wanted in the first place. Those who were supposed to be spending their lives rocking 'round the clock only wanted out of their own skins.

In a way they wanted out of the clock itself, out of time and their times. Even though the American teenager did not exist, most kids went along with the idea of such a model because to do so freed oneself from it. Let that preposterous creation be anchored in time and reap the adulation and abuse of the decade's spokesmen. It would allow the rest, the real ones, to deal with themselves as people in eternity, and stay away from the clock which insulted them through celebrations and threatened their momentum.

Crazy Plato could not get out of time. He could not extract the boy from the model, and so had to die. After shooting a gang member he ran from the mansion to the planetarium, from time to eternity, although too late, Dean going after him to coax him out. "Do you think the end of the world will come at night?" he asked, his last cliché. Then bolted at the police searchlights in the doorway, flailed his empty gun, and was shot dead on the planetarium steps.

In the last scene of the movie the professor who had given the end-of-the-world lecture that afternoon appeared briefly, took confused note of the proceedings and walked away. Ten years later that same professor would be in the middle of such proceedings, and the bullhorn used on Plato would be pointed at him. For the time being he could still think of the war of the worlds as an astral abstraction. He too wanted out of time, but for wrong reasons. Teenagers in the balcony also took note, some eventually becoming the professor in the movie.

Two weeks ago Sal Mineo died again, stabbed outside his West Hollywood apartment house. This time there were no searchlights hailing the American teenager gone berserk—only one man cutting another in a grown-up world that deals with such realities calmly. For a while Mineo was Everykid hiding in his own dark mansion of a movie house, watching Plato go mad in the West. Then he grew up like everyone else, grateful to be free of imagined enemies.

Roger Rosenblatt

Correspondence

Debunking Stereotypes

To the editors:

As a woman, I can hardly believe it! As a thinking person, I can believe it even less! In your February 21 issue, Ian S. Menzies casts aspersions upon Elliot Richardson for being born "under the sign of the Crab which, astrologers say, indicates a 'hard shell and an ability to nip,' and is a far more natural sign for women than men, standing for intuition and introversion."

Astrology is bunk! Stereotypes of women are bunk! Mr. Menzies and his editor have not advanced the article's argument, but undercut it, by letting such illogic persist into print.

Celia B. Diamond
Bradford, Pennsylvania

Richardson Redux

To the editors:

Only one thing can be said for Mr. Menzies' article on Elliot Richardson in your issue of February 21: it meets, barely, the minimum test for coherence learned by law school freshmen—it is a position that a Philadelphia lawyer could argue with a straight face. But that's about it.

With a devastating instinct for the capillaries, Mr. Menzies draws his indictment. After walking through a mine field in World War II to bring in wounded and receiving a bronze star therefor—a decoration awarded to some generals in Vietnam for rear-echelon helicopter rides—Richardson apparently had the bad grace and candor to tell someone he was disappointed in not getting more substantial recognition. In this event, in Richardson's academic and athletic achievements, and in the latter's charge that a Massachusetts political opponent had a financial conflict of interest, Mr. Menzies finds the basis for alleging that Richardson holds doubts about his own manliness, is guilty of "a distorted emphasis on trophy hunting," and displayed his "war-like aspect . . . in a dirty drag-out election."

Mr. Menzies belittles the convictions Richardson obtained as US Attorney, the reorganization of state health services he accomplished as Massachusetts lieutenant governor, and the criminal justice reforms he fostered as state attorney general, sneezes at Richardson's "slow and meticulous" ways, and then eases into an argument in equal parts vague and bitchy—that Richardson's reputation is wholly grounded on his being the embodiment of the idealized self-image of the "Harvard-Eastern Establishment."

Poor Mr. Richardson could do nothing

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right in Mr. Menzies' eyes as a cabinet member either, whether he stayed, came, or went. When, as HEW Secretary, he pushed for welfare reform after Nixon had lost interest he thereby became "ridiculous" to Mr. Menzies. By agreeing to become Secretary of Defense in 1973 he showed his "hawkish and slavish loyalty to Nixon." Even his resignation as Attorney General was a case where he "had no choice" and his subsequent reticent description of those events proves, to Mr. Menzies, his lack of heroic motives. Mr. Richardson is so damned if he did and damned if he didn't that one wonders if there was any course of action short of self-destruction that he could have taken to win Mr. Menzies' favor.

Maybe an Oklahoma Democrat, such as the undersigned, just can't appreciate the lusty pleasures of Brahmin-baiting among Massachusetts political journalists, but Mr. Menzies' article has all the odors of a conclusion looking vainly for some facts. It is a particularly weak example of the journalistic trend of the moment: constructing a straw man—in this case Richardson the Flawless—with which to play Woodward and Bernstein.

Piffle, Mr. Menzies.

Piffle.

R. James Woolsey
Washington, DC

Oklahoman is OK

To the editors:

I expected more of *The New Republic* and Ken Bode ("Shakeout," *TNR*, Feb. 19) than a few prejudiced and stupid words dismissing the candidacy of Fred Harris.

In my district, New York, 27th CD which includes the Catskill Mountains and the cities of Binghamton and Ithaca, the party bosses are running a heavy handed machine campaign for Bayh, while the Carter and Udall campaigns languish. Meanwhile the Harris campaign is innovative, widely publicized and well received.

I trust that events of the months ahead will force *The New Republic* into thinking more deeply about Fred Harris.

James Perkins
Roxbury, New York

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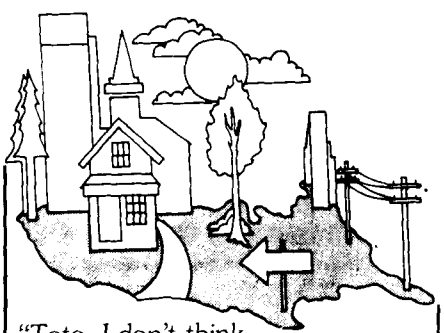

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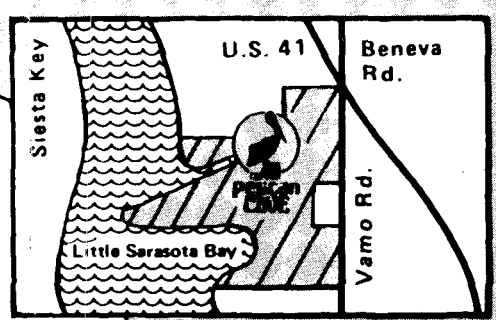

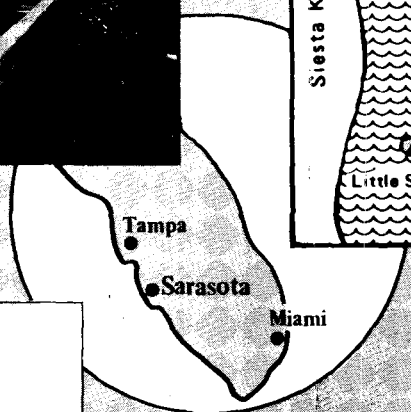

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